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The proprietors of the SATURDAY REVIEW desire to state that no change is contemplated in the editorial direction of the REVIEW. They also beg to give notice that all arrangements arising out of Lord Hardwicke's interest in the REVIEW have been finally concluded, and no application in that connexion can be considered.

NOTES OF THE WEEK.

On the Sha-ho General Kuropatkin has made a move which seems likely to have more political than military importance. He sent out at the end of last week a regiment and a half of cavalry with two batteries of horse artillery under General Mischenko to attack old Niu-Chwang, which had been made an important base by the Japanese. They appear to have occupied Niu-Chwang, which is about sixty miles from Lin-shin-pu, to have bombarded the station at Yin-kau, and set fire to the stores there. Two parties were detached, and succeeded in destroying the line between Hai-cheng and An-shan-chau, and between Yin-kau and Ta-shih-chiao. In retiring one column was outflanked by the Japanese, and lost five officers and fifty men killed and wounded. It is not unlikely, as reports both from Russia and France suggest, that this is the beginning of a serious attempt on the part of Kuropatkin to use his great superiority in cavalry to interfere with the Japanese lines of communication both on the east and west. A smaller raid has already been unsuccessfully attempted on the Korean boundary; but we have as yet no direct evidence—except that of M. Dru, the most confident and most advertised of the correspondents—that General Kuropatkin is yet meditating a flanking movement in force.

The presumption is that General Mischenko could scarcely have outflanked the Japanese unless he had trespassed on the neutral zone of Chinese territory; but the transgression is only one of many cases in which one side or the other is accused of violating neutrality. During the week the French regulations on neutrality, formulated during the Spanish-American war, have been republished with a view to the complaints from Japan that the Russian stay at Madagascar had infringed French neutrality. But the absence of any time

limit in the French version makes a prolonged stay in a French port perfectly legitimate, so long as the port is not used in any way as a base of actual operations. The Russians have also issued a detailed protest, alleging that China is permitting the Japanese to infringe her neutrality, by sending officers to drill Chinese troops and by using the Miao-tao islands—which lie due south of Port Arthur—as a naval base, and by boarding the "Rechitelni" in Chifu harbour.

After a scientific investigation of the sunken ships in Port Arthur the Japanese appear to have decided to attempt the raising of the "Peresviet", "Poltava", "Pallada" and "Bayan", though the work will be difficult and in the deficiency of dock accommodation at Port Arthur expensive. The "Sevastopol" which is sunk in 150 feet of water, and the "Retvisan" and the "Pobieda" are given up as hopeless. The damage from Japanese shells is estimated at much less than was expected and all the ships seem to have been sunk by opening their sluices as soon as the Japanese guns could be directed against them. Of the other Russian fleets we have little authentic information. One small squadron has been seen near Aden and another near Port Said; as last week it was "confidently asserted" that Admiral Rojdestvensky would remain in his present neighbourhood, it is this week announced on "trustworthy information" that the Baltic fleet will at once continue its voyage. At Libau the preparation of another squadron is being rapidly pushed on; and we are more inclined to believe the opinion of the British Admiralty that the Admiral will wait for this squadron than the most authentic news of any French correspondent.

The Paris Commission held its first open meeting on Thursday and we are able to state that the first evidence will be publicly heard on Tuesday. Thursday's meeting was entirely devoted to the stating of the British and Russian cases. In the British statement was nothing new. It consisted chiefly of a description of what happened to the fishing fleet, of the extent of the damage done, and in a denial that any foreign vessel was in the neighbourhood or any material of war on the fishing boats. The only allusion to other incidents was an account of the previous firing, persisted in for a continued period, at a Swedish vessel. The Russian statement gives for the first time a public version of the cardinal point of the Russian case. From the leading Russian ship were seen two vessels with lights out approaching at a great pace which were at once fired on as torpedo-boats. The

fishing vessels were not seen till later and then the firing was stopped by signal. As a prelude to this, some account was given of the warnings, direct and indirect, received by the Russian Admiralty of the presence of torpedo-boats in the North Sea.

A shot fired during Thursday's ceremony at S. Petersburg, when the Tsar was blessing the waters of the Neva, has provided a great deal of material for the press. A bullet fired apparently from across the river broke a window over the tent in which were the Tsar and Tsarina. An official report announces that the bullet, too large for the ordinary rifle, came from a signal gun accidentally loaded with shrapnel. The explanation does not on the face of it quite cover the facts, but if the bullet was directed at the Tsar by some would-be assassin it went curiously wide of the mark. The incident does not strike us as very significant or quite worth the extent to which it has been bruited.

The budget statement of the Russian Minister of Finance is almost as golden as Mr. Norman's notorious description of the bullion he saw on the shelves. No doubt the cardinal fact that extra war expenditure is hardly considered in the budget helps the figures, but after all financiers are the best judges of figures and the fact that the rouble remains at par, taken with the general conviction that Russia will find no serious difficulty in arranging war loans, is the best proof of the stability of Russian finance. A few of the items of expenditure, incidentally connected with the war, strike one in the summaries that appear in the press as rather ludicrously small. But in the full report of the Minister of Finance the section dealing with the extraordinary grants is explicit and most interesting. Special requirements of war expenditure as well as incidental civil expenses are passed by a special council of five members, who by their constitution are enabled to prevent any of the dangers and drawbacks which may result from the delay of more popular methods. As to the budget figures themselves a certain amount of cheap ridicule has been evoked by the exact balancing of income and expenditure. The reason is nothing more intricate than the Russian phrase for deficit or balance. In this budget for 1905 the two sums are made level by a small addition "From the resources of the Treasury", a perfectly clear and proper phrase.

Strikes on a very large scale have developed in Russia and Germany within the last few days. In Russia, though more classes of workmen are engaged, the numbers are not so great as in Germany, where 175,000 men are computed to be disputing with their employers. The officials of the German Government are taking the matter in hand, and are apparently inclined to support the views of the men. A dispute of this nature just now in Russia may well be exaggerated here. The majority of the strikers appear to be employes in the Government works, and this is undoubtedly serious; but in France also the recent strikes were started by the same class of workmen. It is easy to suppose that political rather than industrial reasons account for the Russian strikes, and to see undue significance in the military forces that are being employed to maintain order. But this is a familiar feature in American, German, and French strikes, and not unknown in ours; it is not special to Russia. In that country, as in others, at this season, there are large numbers of unemployed; and when we remember what fears there have been of our own unemployed using violence we see some reason for not overrating the political aspect of the labour disturbances in Russia.

It is to be hoped that the Japanese will not desire to see themselves as others or at least England sees them. The point of view will certainly not, as Burns added, free them from "many a foolish notion". At any rate the professors of Tokio University are under no misapprehension as to the nature of the Japanese spirit, if we may take Professor Okakura as a type. He told the school of economics that the Japanese were not a nation of original thinkers. As earlier they had looked to India and China for their philosophy, now they were looking to Europe and America. "Some day they would have a new philosophy based on the motor car and the telephone and applied to daily conduct." We

wish we could believe that the new Western philosophy is as likely to benefit Japan as the old Eastern; but we believe Professor Okakura when he said that they were a "people of the present and the tangible, of the broad daylight and the plainly visible". Imagine the hustling rapidity of development when this "Japanese spirit", on which the Professor lectured, is in league with the "American spirit" of Mr. Kipling's poem.

As was generally anticipated last week, the election of M. Doumer as President of the Chamber was the signal for the fall of the Combes Ministry. The general debate on Saturday on the policy of the Government proved the intensity of the feeling against the Ministry and M. Combes accepted the narrow majority of fourteen in his favour as a signal of dismissal. His letter of resignation, a document remarkably typical of the nature of the man, was handed to President Loubet at a Cabinet meeting on Wednesday morning. The vote, said M. Combes, had "solemnly sanctioned the policy and programme of the Ministry", and his only reason for retirement was the fear that the impatient ambitions of some members, joined with the hatred of clericals and Nationalists, might so whittle down the Republican majority that he would be defeated on some side issue or catch vote. His suggestion was that the essential programme of his Government would be continued by whatever successors M. Loubet selected; or in other words that M. Loubet should make his selection depend on the holding of the extreme Republican creed.

What this creed may be, for which M. Combes has stood for the last three years, has been strangely and persistently perverted in the press. The "Times" and other papers have interpreted every step of the associations law as mere anti-clericalism, with its motto "Voilà l'ennemi" and its enemy's crest a Jesuit rampant. But the best opinion in France, and indeed in England, fails to find any such limitation or purity of motive in the suppression of sisterhoods wholly devoted to charity, or such monasteries as the Chartreux, or the orphanages of the Benedictines. The suppression of charitable women is not a step in intellectual or political freedom. Again the delation principle, the deliberate policy of informing against officers who took the sacrament, was neither a natural inheritance from past governments nor a mere departmental excess. The cause of this English view of the intentions of M. Combes may be found mainly in ignorance, partly in the half-conscious surrender to extreme Protestant intolerance. But the channel of the criticism is the special correspondent; and consider the cumulative effect of the almost exclusive employment in this service of men of Jewish stock. They are good linguists, with the intellect of their race, and some of its other characteristics.

One more object lesson in the value of Parliamentary government is provided for Russian reformers in the course of the Hungarian elections. The canvassing proceeds with fury modified by pistols. The house of one eminent Liberal was surrounded by a mob who emptied pistols through the windows and the inmate retaliated with a rifle which found a victim. If all this savage excitement were aroused by some question vital to the nation's well-being, it might be pardonable though extreme. But the cause is no more and no less than certain rules of procedure which a factious Opposition interpret as an infringement of liberty. A Russian might well say, Blessed is the country which has no rules of procedure. It is not in autocracies that the "guillotine" flourishes.

The outcry against Chinese labour in the Transvaal has ended simultaneously in England and Africa, thanks to the humour of Mr. Yerburgh and the honesty of Mr. Quin. Mr. Yerburgh's argumentum ad hominem makes a pleasant sequel to Mr. Lyttelton's tale of the officer who offered, when his force was disbanded, 10s. a day to any man who cared to take it. Only one accepted and he gave up after a few days. Mr. Yerburgh not only offered any miner in his audience full pay in the mines but a free trip to the place and back, on the sole condition that if they gave up the work under six months a

small sum should be forfeited to the Chester Infirmary. We have not yet heard that the offer has been accepted.

In the Transvaal has been given a less humorous but also less negative acknowledgment of the work of the Chinese. As a preliminary to Mr. Solomon's speech at Johannesburg on Tuesday Mr. Quin withdrew explicitly and formally all opposition to the ordinance. "The Chinamen are here", he said, "and the people seem contented. The question therefore is finished". His surrender no doubt was not without secondary motives. He and other members of the Responsible Government Association wish to plump for "responsibility" and to withdraw from themselves all accidental causes of suspicion. Mr. Solomon, chairman of the association, put his case reasonably enough. He would not have the elections take place till the summer of 1906, and would postpone the first session till 1907. When Mr. Solomon said he would accept the representative proposals of the Government in default of the larger measure, he made the mistake of threatening to use the semi-liberty as a medium for agitation; but it is undeniably true that representative government, which is acknowledged to be a temporary compromise, is sure to be, in the way of compromises, chiefly effective as an irritant. In default of the autocrat there is something to be said for democracy—let us have something real, at any rate.

Mr. E. A. Harney's address on imperialism from the Australian standpoint at the Royal Colonial Institute on Tuesday left one quite doubtful what the Australian view really is. As an ex-Senator of the Commonwealth he no doubt has some knowledge of Australian sentiments. His assurances that the Australian is a very loyal subject do not seem to amount to much when they are followed by the statement that loyalty depends upon the degree to which the colonist is unconscious of dependence. Mr. Harney brushes fiscal axioms on one side and paradoxically suggests that for a time at any rate what is wanted is free trade for Australia and protection for Great Britain. The utterance, notwithstanding many pages of explanation, is somewhat cryptic. He believes in commercial union but not political union, and deprecates any movement towards preference by increasing duties on foreign goods lest the movement should do no good to Great Britain and injury to the colonies.

Lord Bath's appointment to the Under-Secretaryship of State for India is in fitting succession to that of Lord Hardwicke. He has not at any time pushed himself forward for office, and has taken no very prominent part in politics, so that many people have regarded him as nonchalant in public affairs. None the less he is well equipped for office in intellect, manner and presence. Good looks always count on the Front Bench, and Mr. Labouchere, who once made and printed a careful and even authoritative list of the best-looking men in the House which he himself adorns, would not fail to place Lord Bath high in this matter. Had he lived in the day of Vandyck he would have been immortalised: no portrait at Longleat could be compared with his.

It will no doubt gratify many Conservatives, who see in Mr. Morley the arch enemy of the imperial ideas that they themselves preach, to find him urging this country to rivet affection with America even at the cost of colonial schemes. They will have to consider whether it will be wise to revise this dislike of Mr. Morley or their affection for the United States. The growing goodwill which he found—and oddly enough attributed to the "Alabama" concession—would, he said, be sacrificed by alteration in our fiscal policy. Lord Rosebery and Mr. Ritchie have said the same thing before and they all seem to regard the United States as "a nice child so long as you don't cross 'im", while it does not matter at all to what extent the nice child "crosses" his elder friend. If English people stood the McKinley tariff, Americans, who are not a rancorous people, should manage to endure a few shillings on corn. Their friends, as it seems to us, underestimate the chief virtues of the American character. It would

be well to know what the Americans think of Mr. Morley's glowing forecast of the black question.

Dr. Warre's letter in the "Times" replying to Mr. Arnold-Forster's mad attack on the public schools is perhaps the severest criticism to which Mr. Arnold-Forster has yet been subjected. It deprives the speech even of plausibility and leaves the suggestion, which we are afraid is justified, that Mr. Arnold-Forster has permitted himself, without consideration of his responsibility as a Minister, to take advantage of a puff of popular prejudice. The cardinal difficulty of the army is the finding of a sufficiency of good officers. Because the number is small, Mr. Arnold-Forster chooses to accuse the public schools, which supply the greater number of officers, of making the army their "preserve". It is beyond question that intellectually the foremost body in the army are the Engineers, a large proportion of whom come from the army classes that were established by the schools in response to the request of the Government. Dr. Warre is kind enough to suppose that the charge is made only against the candidates for Sandhurst. We do not know what Mr. Arnold-Forster meant, but if he meant so to limit his attack, are the public schools to blame, because they are more successful than others in finding men to do the papers set by the Government? The only other source of supply of officers is the crammer; so Mr. Arnold-Forster wants education by "chaffage".

The harriers seem to have come up with Mr. Gibson Bowles this time. He is caught, but that is not to say he will fail to break through and beat them all even yet. And we hope he will. There are many things about Mr. Bowles we do not admire, but we have a liking for brains. Mr. Bowles has more brains than the great majority of the House of Commons, and it is an ill service to parliamentary institutions to hunt out an exceptionally clever man. And really what is the justification for it? When has Mr. Bowles mattered enough to make it worth while for the party powers to track him down for political suppression? Mr. Bowles has paid the full penalty of smartness; with all his ability and wealth of information he cannot get himself to be taken seriously, and no man who is not thought serious can be a danger to a Government in this country. Now if a man like, say, Sir John Lubbock, in his House of Commons days, turned on his leaders, it might be necessary to remove him. But to suppress mere cleverness is really banal in its stupidity.

It argues a want of perception to take the sallies of the free lance, we mean the really clever man, not the bore, so much to heart. Disraeli never made a mistake of that kind. Lord Randolph Churchill attacked him and his Government and one of his principal bills soon after he got in the House, and Disraeli was amused. He had too good a sense of humour to want to mark down a brilliant man just because he might be troublesome. There is a vindictiveness about this sort of thing that does not add to the wholesomeness of parliamentary life. Why what will our debates come to, if we are to have nothing but the long wind of the front benches and then the dead flat of the items? It is all very well for the leaders each side to wish to make all the rest of the party merely their pawns, as silent and as easily moved. But they should consider that able men will soon decline to go through the pawn stage. The alternative for them, they know, will be ostracism or the Front Bench, and the speculation will not be good enough.

Mr. Lloyd-George has blessed the Welsh revival: he has given it his sanction, signifying his approval, we must admit, in a most tangible way. He abandoned one of his political demonstrations to make room for the revivalists. That was certainly practical well-doing; and the grace of this attention of Mr. George to the rival demonstration may have had nothing to do with the little fact that in every place where the revival is in force, nobody will give even a thought to politics, far less attend a meeting. Mr. Lloyd-George as tutely made a virtue of necessity, shut up his show, and

attended the revivalist meeting. It would have been better to keep away altogether, as perhaps he discovered. No doubt he had the single eye in going, but it is conceivable someone there might make inferences of his own.

The conviction of Jones the Wandsworth solicitor, sentenced to eighteen months' imprisonment on Tuesday, should be a lesson to public bodies to scrutinise narrowly their bills of costs. Jones made fraudulent charges of close upon a thousand pounds for money out of pocket for surveyors' and valuers' fees and counsels' fees in respect of fourteen rating appeals. There seems to have been little excuse for these proceedings; but they ran up a fine bill of costs. Mr. Alfred Nicol Henderson, then clerk to the Wandsworth Guardians, is a barrister, but he is singularly unacquainted with litigation. Jones retained him, and got him to sign retainers, and sent him instructions to advise on evidence; and though the fees were never paid they appeared in the bill of costs with the bogus surveyor's charges. It is strange that Mr. Henderson, not having been paid, should not have investigated the bill as clerk to the Guardians. But neither did the taxing master, the clerk of the peace at that time, demand to see the vouchers. A clerk to Jones "split" on his employer out of revenge; or everything would have been comfortable all round.

The accident which occurred on the Midland Railway near Cudworth on Thursday morning was barely saved from being even a much greater disaster than it was. The express from Glasgow to London, travelling fifty miles an hour, caught up and telescoped a slow mail train; and it seems tolerably certain that the sudden mist prevented the driver from seeing the signals. The presence of mind of a railway servant, who was on a goods train on a parallel line, alone prevented the disaster involving, as in the terrible Abbots Repton accident years ago, a third train. Remembering that a down express was due, the man took a detonator, hurried down the line, and was just in time to fix the explosive. There was not quite space entirely to arrest this second express, but though slightly damaged it was able to be used to carry back the wounded. The accident happened on a high embankment, where the wreckage of the carriages took fire. Six people, of whom four were passengers, were killed at once; one man has since died, and of the fifteen injured some it is feared may not recover.

The ill winds of the beginning of the week have at least brought rejoicing to the Meteorological Office. The thermometer has moved and the barometer stopped with an unexpectedness that has made the daily records an invaluable lesson in the subject. Oddly enough, the London offices were, so to speak, at the centre of the eccentricity. In the North all outdoor work was suspended; in the Isle of Wight there was just a slight frost; in London ice fell through the air and over one short period on Monday every street was a glissade. One statistician saw seventeen fallen horses between the Strand and Waterloo. The common attribute of all these manifestations was a south-east wind of a peculiarly biting power. Many old people were actually killed by it; it caused many disasters, and perhaps nobody who faced the force of it was unaware of its virulence.

Poor Disraeli! that he should come to this, to rank in the shop window with the other wares of the advertising agent; to take his place beside Boots the Cash Chemists, International Furs, Price's Patent Candles and Savoy clarets. There is, though, a certain humour about it which would certainly have appealed to his refined cynicism. How he would have smiled at the puffing into vast importance of a fragment of an unfinished novel! The "Times" is wonderful; it is shocked by nothing. But the editorial side must look ahead, or it will be totally eclipsed by the advertising staff, now that they have taken to write as well as tout. Might not the editorial side undertake to finish Lord Beaconsfield's novel for him? But perhaps the advertisement writer has that in hand already.

EXPECTATIONS AND CHANCES.

THE significance of the actual date of the opening of Parliament is usually nil; but its announcement never fails to produce at any rate one effect. It doubles the volume and speed of political chatter. The irrepressible busybody, whom no responsible public man would trust with a single item of true information, bursts into full song; spring has come for him. At dinner-tables, in the drawing-room, and, to those who will put up with him, in the club he can trill unceasingly his special knowledge of the reason why the particular date was chosen, what the Government are going to do, and what the Opposition are planning. This year he is particularly happy; for the unconventional date of 14 February is an inexhaustible theme. He finds the selection of S. Valentine's Day pregnant with omens. The situation, he tells you, is very grave. Always an irritant to those who take a serious interest in public matters, he is this time an absolute scourge; for there plainly are circumstances this year that very much enhance the ordinary significance of the Session's opening; and this makes him the more insistent, at the same time that it makes the man who really cares the more anxious to avoid him. Fortunately he is not in the habit of reading anything but gossip and the "Daily Mail"; so we at least are able to escape him, and may be allowed to "discuss the situation", as he would say, without any fear of his trotting up to join in the discussion.

We do not quite class in the chatters' category those members of the Opposition who are so greatly excited about the time of the next election and the intention of the Government as to its own demise. To them it is a really important matter and they have a right to make their calculations—vain calculations, probably; but that is their look out. They might however observe a little more restraint in their expectations of the Ministry's death. One is familiar with the impatience of the expectant, but anxious, legatee; and suspense is painful always. But well-bred folk usually put on at least an appearance of decent calm, and even respectable solemnity; they remember that it is as incumbent on them to wait the end with dignity as on the moribund, or reputed moribund. They must not openly swear if he shows unexpected signs of recovery. But the Opposition are swearing quite audibly. Even the blameless "Westminster Gazette" cannot contain its anger that the Government will not commit the happy despatch. Did they send Mr. Balfour his white girdle—and all for nothing? Really Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman, the "Westminster", Mr. Lloyd George and the whole family of them resemble nothing so much as the gathering of friends at the bedside—in certain primitive places—in anxious expectation of the wake, or the funeral. They explain to one another volubly that the poor fellow cannot possibly live; that there is no chance of a mistake. There are recorded instances of that sort of talk exciting so strong a spirit of opposition in the patient as to resuscitate him. Might not our Radical friends take warning? We may disregard their solemn arguments about the Government no longer having the confidence of the country. That is political commonplace. Change sides, and it is we who should be saying it instead of the Radicals. But no Prime Minister ever considered himself bound by the course of bye-elections. Mr. Gladstone in particular treated them with supreme disregard. Constitutionally he was right. Then we are hearing again of fixed Parliamentary periods. We ought to have the American plan of elections at fixed times; uncertainty, we are told, is bad for the country; perhaps it is, but the evil of it never seems to strike a party except when it is in Opposition. We have known many Oppositions appreciate the beauty of quadrennial or triennial elections but never a Ministry. Changing sides in the House so alters the point of view that men never see these reforms in the same light when they have the power to effect them. It is just possible that the next Radical Government may deem its life so precarious as to make it worth while to sacrifice its possible duration for the certainty of avoiding long terms of opposition in the future—at any rate long terms without an appeal to the country. But the unfortunate items

would hardly stand this from any leaders. It might be all very well for them; they might very likely reap the fruits of their suicide; but the poor rank and file, who knows which of them would ever see Parliamentary life again? We cannot fancy any Government repealing the Septennial Act and adopting the American system. And those who lightly advise the change should consider what it means. Constitutionally a more fundamental change could not be. It would upset our whole system of Cabinet making; it would reduce the power of Parliament over the Government to nil. And if the recurring period for elections were put at three or four years, there would be even more upset of business than now. The Americans have six months topsyturvy every four years. Their sufferings from elections are worse than ours.

Looking at things, now, from the Ministerial point of view, we do not deny that they have exceptional difficulties to face. The cricket analogy applies. It is well known that a Ministry is always in danger of being bowled out—sometimes by an apparently easy ball—before it gets set. The number of Unionist members who do not intend to seek re-election is a serious source of weakness. Party human nature is hardly capable of making great effort to stay a deluge that in any case cannot overwhelm itself. On the whole, however, we do not expect the Government to be beaten in the House. We rely on the nature of the average Conservative, who has the qualities of his defects. If he is dull, he is straight. He votes straight by nature, as well as by habit. He may be trusted to support his leaders in a crisis; and, if vigorously whipped, can be brought to the spot. But of Sir Acland Hood's vigour we confess we have some doubt. The Government will find the Post Office amendment not a pleasant fence to take; they will find the Army votes, in our judgment, a worse one; and the Budget will be far from a trifling obstacle. If they were to get a fall on the army, we should hold that they had brought the trouble on their own heads. For the sake of a popular cry of economy they have deliberately reduced the strength of the army, when all the world knows, and realises more every day, that it is inadequate in numbers to the duties it has to perform. If the Government fell on the Budget, it would be sheer bad luck. They are not responsible for bad times, and bad times forbid a popular Budget.

Lastly the question arises, does honour or expediency compel the Government to go on to the bitter end? They have done much: they have carried through their South African policy; they have passed a great Education Act; and they have kept the country out of war with Russia. They must at any cost pass an Aliens Bill. It ought to have been passed last year, and the vulgar violence of the opposition did not excuse its abandonment. We have no doubt whatever that the Aliens Bill will be passed next session. We should like to see them settle the education question before going out; but they will not. Redistribution will doubtless figure in the King's Speech, but it is not really urgent and will not be pressed. When they have passed the Aliens Bill, is there any real reason why Mr. Balfour should not, if so minded, "declare"? Unfortunately there is a reason. Foreign affairs are too much unsettled for Ministers to be justified in risking a change of government when not compelled. Could any Liberal, in a calm moment, say that a Prime Minister, who honestly believes that in the existing international situation a change of government would be a grave danger to the country, is justified in risking a change while he still led a substantial majority in the House of Commons?

MONSIEUR COMBES' COLLAPSE.

MONSIEUR COMBES has gone, and that is so much to the good. Though there may be no reason to believe that we shall find more to commend in the policy of his successor than in that of M. Combes, yet France may be congratulated on having rid herself of a burden that was daily diminishing her prestige in the eyes of the world. His name had come to stand for everything least savoury in Republican politics, and for that reason all self-respecting Republicans desired his

departure. But he has clung to his portfolio with a tenacity which it appeared nothing could affect. Even the Army scandals did not shake his hold until the man of destiny appeared in the person of M. Doumer. Between that gentleman and the President of the Council a duel has been in progress for some time which has caused great entertainment to the spectators, and has resulted in a striking personal triumph for the ex-colonial governor. What all the revelations of the "Figaro" and the denunciations of the Opposition failed to effect the candidature of M. Doumer for the presidency of the Chamber brought about with dramatic suddenness. This, of course, is not entirely due to M. Doumer's own personality, but in great measure to the fact that the vote for the election of the President was secret. That ballot, therefore, expressed the real views of those who voted, and made not only M. Combes but his ministry and the Bloc understand that his retention of his post was impossible.

To grasp the full force of that view it must be remembered not only that the personal antagonism between M. Combes and M. Doumer was acute, but also that the latter was hateful to the Bloc because he had steadily refused to worship at their shrines and had throughout taken an independent course. Having made his mark as Governor of Indo-China he had distinguished himself by his vigorous language in the Chamber and had attained the considerable position of Chairman of the Budget Committee. He has spoken his mind on M. Pelletan's escapades, nor did he spare General André any more than he has spared M. Combes, who very willingly gave battle and carried his enmity so far as to attack the adversary in his constituency. On the other hand M. Brisson, the Government candidate, was not unpopular and had held the post of President without any more show of partiality than is regarded as legitimate in the Chamber. But he was well known as a strong partisan on the side of the Ministry. His defeat therefore was a Ministerial defeat, it was for M. Combes a "soufflet en plein visage". He was much in the same position as Mr. Balfour would be if Mr. Gibson Bowles were elected Chairman of Committee by a combination of dissatisfied Unionists with the Opposition.

Whether M. Combes saw the truth himself or had it forced upon him by candid friends, when his majority fell to six, is of no account. He had become intolerable in great measure owing to his odious methods of conducting his campaign. The world has been astonished at times by revelations of the petty spite of great men. No one is surprised that M. Combes was petty but the industry of his pettiness almost passes belief. It only serves to prove the appalling thoroughness with which delation has honey-combed the political as well as the military system in France. The correspondent of the "Westminster Gazette" (a strong anti-clerical) avers that M. Combes has transferred from his situation a certain river-keeper for the grave offence of having conveyed in his boat a member of some religious fraternity from one bank to the other. The more heinous crimes against the State committed by General André have obscured for the French public many of the equally base, if less destructive, manoeuvres of M. Combes' own particular spies. As for our own people our newspapers tell them little enough of either. But the opponents of the Prime Minister in parliament have had their lives rendered intolerable for months by the system of espionage to which they have been subjected. Even M. Clémenceau has not escaped and it is no extravagant assumption that the reason for it is to be found in his hostility not to the Republic but to the Government.

M. Combes' fall may have other and less favourable reasons, personal jealousies and the like, for a frequent distribution of offices is the most popular atmosphere for politicians every one of whom looks upon himself as "ministre". But the interesting point for the observer is that the Bloc has broken up for the first time. The system that opened in 1899 under M. Waldeck-Rousseau has received a shock from within that promises to be the first of a series. It would be a mistake to attribute the change of Ministry entirely to

the faults of the late Premier. If M. Combes went too fast for some, he went too slowly for M. Clémenceau and his friends. They have found hardly anything done out of the programme which they originally laid down. Two Years' Service, Income-Tax, Separation of Church and State, Old Age Pensions. Of these only the first will be carried before the next election, and M. Millerand has never ceased to make their inaction a cause of complaint against the whole Ministry. After three years of office the only "bag" they have to show with the expenditure of so prodigious an amount of powder and shot is the expulsion from their habitats of a certain number of unfortunate monks and nuns. The French Socialist party, to do it justice, has something in the nature of a constructive policy to boast and it naturally resents the incapacity of the Ministry to develop it. But the Republican and Radical quarrels are rather personal than political. The "Progressive Radicals", whose name is a quaint recognition of the fact that Radicalism may be obstinately Conservative, hope to act as the bodyguard of the new Ministry which looks like a new rendering of the old farce "Men not Measures". After all the majority of the Radical group, to say nothing of the Moderate Republicans, has no very consuming desire for any of the measures that M. Clémenceau longs for. Anti-clericalism united them for a time, but many who approved of M. Waldeck-Rousseau's original proposals have no sympathy at all with the methods by which his successor put them into force. "Anti-Clericalism" is common form on a Republican platform in France just as in this country the Tory perorates about the "Empire" and the Liberal about "peace and retrenchment". But there is often a wide difference between partisans who employ the same phrases when they come to translate them into practice.

In any case the anti-Christian movement will receive a check, for it is now evident that there are lengths to which it is dangerous to go against the Church even in France. The methods and manners of the majority in their wild anti-Catholic raid of the last few years has shocked the sentiments of large numbers of philosophic Radicals who have even less inclination to bow their necks beneath the yoke of the Freemasons than under that of the Church. Probably as things now are, an attempt to form a Ministry of Moderate Liberals would fail. There are clear indications that the Bloc is still sufficiently solid to compel the inclusion of a large proportion of its friends as a preliminary to any prospect of prolonged or even temporary stability. "The Free-food Syndicate" as it has been unkindly called by a witty deputy, will exact the sustenance of a good section of its own members as the price of support accorded but the circulation of loaves and fishes is likely to become more rapid than of late. This will not tend to the satisfactory conduct of a big campaign against the Church or in favour of any sweeping change. But, whatever his programme any Minister with moderately sane views will devote himself first of all to restoring popular confidence in the administration of the army. It is the general resentment at the revelations of the delation scandal that has brought the long latent disgust to the point of revolt and deposed M. Combes. It is hardly credible that M. Pelletan will be retained at the Ministry of Marine. His administration of the navy has not tended to increase public confidence in that branch of the service. As to the other Ministerial posts, there is only one that really concerns foreign observers. That is of course the Foreign Office. It is highly improbable that a change is contemplated there. M. Loubet would certainly oppose vigorously any attempt to shift M. Delcassé who is the most valuable asset France has in her public life. During the present crisis in the East and with a dubious situation in Morocco M. Delcassé is a necessity. Nearly every Frenchman is a lover of peace, every French business man certainly is, and M. Delcassé's deposition would send a shiver through the frame of financial France, a shock not to be rashly administered by any Premier who desires to see good days. Though we are probably destined to witness another era of short Ministries, with a Bloc disintegrating rapidly or gradually according to circumstances, the stability of M. Delcassé hardly seems doubtful. A good proportion of Frenchmen and the whole world outside would con-

template either the retention or the disappearance of his colleagues with an equal mind, but M. Delcassé lives to demonstrate the falsity of Gambetta's maxim that there is no such thing as an indispensable man.

THE REAL FOOD PROBLEM.

THE policy of feeding neglected children in the elementary schools will undoubtedly suffer by falling into the hands of extremists and faddists whose ideas bear no practical relation to the state of public opinion and circumstances. To put forward as a policy the proposal that the State should undertake the complete maintenance of all school children could only enter into the heads of a sort of people whose support would do more harm than good to any cause with which they might be associated. Sir John Gorst, therefore, allowed himself to be manoeuvred into an untenable position in consenting to preside at the Guildhall Conference which was held yesterday when this subject was discussed, amongst others, by delegates of various labour and Socialist associations. The moderate and reasonable supporters on business-like, solid common sense, and logical grounds, of the feeding of half-starved school children will naturally be estranged. Their object is the specific and definite one of saving, without any *arrière pensée* of introducing social and political changes, the immense amount of money we are at present throwing away on education. Sir John Gorst's friends are not so much interested in the feeding of children as an educational reform to which we are being driven by good sense and economical considerations, as they are in introducing a political or social change in the direction of avowed socialistic theory. That of course is not Sir John Gorst's reason for the zeal and energy he is displaying in this very important matter, and he sees as unwillingly as we do the harm which theorists of this character may bring on the efforts of all who look at the matter from his point of view as an educational reformer. He had to begin his speech at the conference by disavowing their aims; and we are glad to see that Dr. Macnamara's amendment limited Mr. Will Thorne's resolution to the practical point as to neglected children, and the recovery of the cost where possible.

The matter is really independent of all theories and politics. It is simply a business affair in which rate-payers and tax payers have to consider whether they are getting sufficient value for their money by attempting to educate half-starved and neglected children. Can such children really be physically and mentally educated? If not, what is to be done except either to drop the futile pretence of making such an obviously hopeless struggle, or to see that on some plan or other there shall be a system of feeding in schools which shall make every child fit to take in the education which is provided for him at such an immense cost. As to ceasing to make the attempt to educate by public means, we do not believe that anyone thinks that would improve our position in any way, however absolutely he may be convinced that we get out of our system much less than we expected and had and have the right to expect. We are convinced that whoever gives any attention to discovering the leakage will end by finding that it is to a great extent caused by our trying to stimulate bodies and minds in suspended animation through inanition caused by insufficient or improper nourishment. Money spent on securing that no child comes to school so maltreated ought to be regarded as a kind of salvage or insurance money paid to prevent a greater loss. The death-rate of children is a frightful fact of our modern life; and it is established beyond controversy that it is mainly due to bad feeding either through the ignorance or the neglect of parents. We believe it is mostly ignorance, though there is abundant neglect. The responsibility of parents is often talked about: but in what way can we prevent parents altogether ignorant of their elementary duties as parents from sending to the schools a constant supply of ill-nourished children for the rate and tax payer to waste his money upon? It is almost harder to deal with these parents than with those who for other reasons besides ignorance feed

their children on injurious or too little food or none at all. One of the consoling thoughts in supplying the children of these vicious parents is that we should be able to fasten their responsibility on them as we cannot now do. For outlay on their account we would at least have a claim which should be enforced with the greatest strictness. Not so much for the money as for the opportunity afforded of tightening the screw on a class of parents who at present escape responsibility. Instead of the school feeding of children lessening parental responsibility, it might be made a means of punishing those parents who now acknowledge no responsibility. We cannot spoil parents such as these whatever we do; and there seems a prospect of getting some control over them if we insist on feeding their children for the profit of the nation. For parents who kill their children merely through ignorance, or ruin them through improper feeding, the danger that whatever feeling of parental responsibility they possess will be lessened need give no trouble. They will pay for their children as they pay now, and will not take the trouble to shirk if they are under legal liability to reimburse expenses incurred on their account.

If there is to be an improvement in living, it cannot be introduced through the parents directly. A beginning must be made with the children who, when they have learned at school to know by being fed properly themselves that cheese and pickles is not a diet on which infants flourish, will for the first time in the history of the working classes discover how to keep their numbers within the limits of comfort without slaughtering their progeny. As a means of educating parents and children alike in the most useful art of all, the art of proper feeding, nothing can be so valuable to them as taking the matter out of their hands and feeding the children properly in spite of them. Those who can pay should pay for the privilege: those who try to avoid payment should be compelled to pay if they have the means: those who are truly too poor would alone be exempt. It is to this last class alone that the term free feeding would properly apply. We would not make feeding freer than it need be; but so far as it must be free, it can be defended by reason of the importance of the proper feeding of children to the national interests. There is plenty of improper feeding in families whose children do not attend the state-provided elementary schools; but as the nation does not spend its money on these families there is not the same reason for supervising them. It would not be necessary to feed all the children who attend the elementary schools. Medical inspection would sort out those who were suffering from lack of proper nourishment. Parents whose children had not to be fed would take credit to themselves for the exemption; and a useful spirit of emulation would be encouraged amongst parents generally which would be of the greatest value. Nor must it be supposed that there is any desire to introduce fancy feeding into the schools. The meals must be plain and wholesome, and marked especially by an absence from the menu of those luxuries of the ignorant poor which they so often mistake for food. No white bread destitute of nourishment, no boiled tea, or other similar dainties, must be found on the school tables. Moreover, the service would have to be organised in such a way that the children themselves would supply the necessary labour. In our schools at present there is too much done for the children which would be better done by themselves. The provision of public feeding ought to be a most effective means for the training of boys and girls in practical domestic work. It would supplant much of the fancy and useless "cooking and domestic economy" which is ridiculously unsuitable to the circumstances of the children to whom it is taught.

MAGISTRATES AND PUBLIC HEALTH.

THE London police magistrate performs so many of his arduous duties to the advantage of the poorer classes that it is with regret we have to say that he does less than he might in the case of the Public Health Acts. Laxity in the administration of these Acts was formerly largely due to the local authorities themselves. They were not inclined to exercise their

powers of coercion over landlords of insanitary property. The Mansion House Council on the Dwellings of the Poor was brought into existence in order that the public knowledge of structural defects and sanitary nuisances might stir up the local bodies to put the Acts into effective operation. Its action was largely successful; the authorities came to lend willing ears to complaints and their inspectors were stimulated to perform their duties by the consciousness that they were supported by their principals. The scene has changed, and all who have to do with the administration of the health laws are aware that the greatest obstacle to their enforcement is now the difficulties the London magistrate, and we are bound especially to mention Mr. Cluer at Worship Street, throws in the way of the officers of health authorities. This attitude is discouraging to the health committees, their medical officers and their inspectors, and in this matter the magistrates are becoming a terror not to the law-breaker but the law-enforcer. At present this is particularly unfortunate when the East End of London is passing in its poorer quarters, where broken-down insanitary property abounds, from the rapacious British slum-owner into the hands of the more rapacious and infinitely more cunning foreign speculator in knacker's house property. When there is actually a proposal to appoint sanitary inspectors who speak Yiddish, and the foreign alien owners of small property have highly expert lawyers skilled in finding out and making use of all the technical loopholes to evade the Acts, it is disheartening for those who know what good can be done by enforcing the law to find the London magistrate playing up to these gentry.

In the days of a magistrate like Mr. Montagu Williams this was not so: the Acts were enforced strictly in their real sense and not with misplaced leniency towards a class of persons who are not entitled to consideration. Now most of the magistrates are inclined to look on the inspectors as people who ought to be discouraged rather than supported; and receive their evidence with suspicion. There are whole streets that have been bought up by speculators in house property where the same class of nuisance recurs constantly, and the inspectors are always striving to have work done once for all which would effectually abate the nuisance. But the magistrate will accept the flimsiest pretence that the owner has carried out the repairs ordered, in opposition to the evidence of the inspector that the whole proceeding is a sham, and that in a very short time the evil will be as noxious as ever. This is usually an evasion of the law on the part of magistrates under the guise of a judgment on the facts. In regard to insanitary property it is the object of the Health Acts that their provisions shall be as strictly construed as in the case of adulterated foods. There is no excuse on account of hardship if a tradesman sells an adulterated article. The simple fact is sufficient. It is so in regard to house property, and if the magistrate assumes to judge of what he may call the equities, that is of such questions as the expense or hardship of doing what is really necessary to make the property sanitary, he is going outside his province. He has nothing to do with anything but the simple fact whether what has been done does effectually abate the nuisance; and if it merely patches it up he ought to exercise the powers of the Acts. He lays down a low standard and the owners are encouraged to use every chicanery they can employ to show they have conformed to it.

The owners of small house property have always been the worst offenders against the law, and with the breaking up of many of the larger estates more of the property in poor districts is getting into their possession. It is not desirable by any laxity of the sanitary law to make speculation in small houses easier than it is. As it is not possible by existing legal means to induce the magistrate to give the weight that ought to be given to the inspector's evidence, when he urges that what professes to be a fulfilment of the magistrate's order to abate a nuisance is only disguised refusal, some remedy must be found if the Acts are not to become a dead letter. The magistrate regards the inspector as an interested witness led by professional zeal to exaggerate offences and minimise reparations. He also appears to fear that the inspector may use his powers in *terrorem* over his neighbours; or that there

might be inducement to corruption and blackmailing if he did not reserve a power to decide the matter in the spirit in which he condones the ordinary offences which come before him. In common criminal cases we admit he is right and sympathy is a virtue. But he misconceives the Sanitary Acts entirely if he administers them with this idea. It appears almost as if it would be necessary to take away this assumed discretion by providing that he must accept the report of some officer or assessor against whom it cannot be alleged that he is prompted by self-interest or any other suspicious motive. Perhaps it might be desirable that a medical officer of the London County Council should be called upon by the inspector to make a report which the magistrate would be bound to accept as conclusive; and thereupon to make the necessary order without any regard to other considerations than the effectual suppression of the nuisance according to the intention of the Acts of Parliament. These recurrent nuisances always festering, and never cured, are the despair of sanitary authorities; and their efforts to secure reasonably healthy dwellings are rendered abortive if a magistrate allows himself to have any faked work passed off on him as a compliance with his order. He will not view the property for himself. He says, I am not an architect or a surveyor; and yet he refuses to accept the testimony of the inspector whose experience is large and practical. Ultimately therefore he decides the matter, on which he has confessed his ignorance, on grounds irrelevant under the Acts.

If these Acts are to be administered with efficiency some such provision as we have mentioned will have to be made. There is at present no simple method of questioning the magistrate's view of the facts. It might be some restraint on him if the local authorities made more use of legal assistance in presenting their cases instead of entrusting them to the sanitary inspectors as is most frequently done. Some of the local authorities are doing this more frequently now. But there are some classes of cases where they would find it exceedingly useful to employ a member of the Bar to represent them. For example, the magistrates have almost unanimously, it appears, resolved to treat the words "dangerous" to health in the second section of the Public Health Act, 1891, as if they were meaningless; and the authorities have reluctantly acquiesced in this. If the meaning which the sanitary officers wish to give them were adopted, they would enormously extend the benefits of the Act. As it is, their view has never been placed before the magistrates with the force and emphasis which expert counsel could give to it; and it is undoubtedly the duty of the authorities to raise the point and have it finally decided, if necessary, by the High Court. The view we take is that the magistrates are becoming lax in their administration of the sanitary law relating to housing, a matter of the highest importance. One way for the sanitary authorities to show that they resent this attitude is to bring the influence to bear on them in their courts of that branch of the legal profession to which all magistrates belong wherever a suitable opportunity occurs.

THE CITY.

A HESITATING and nervous feeling has pervaded the Stock Exchange during the past week and with the exception of the American railroad market prices are lower on balance. It is of course quite simple to point to the general rise in values which has taken place recently and, on the "swing of the pendulum" principle, to regard the set-back as the most natural thing possible. But the causes in the present instance are much more obscure and we have not been convinced by any of the general statements which have been made on the subject both in the public press and otherwise. It would appear that it is rather in the nature of a psychological development similar, but converse in result, to that alluded to in this REVIEW a few months ago when we ventured to forecast a general rise. Then, a wave of optimism was evident throughout the bourses and to-day a strong feeling of pessimism is apparent. After due consideration has been given to the disturbing causes which are clearly arising from the industrial strikes in Germany and

Russia, the domestic affairs of the latter country, and the possibility of the near approach of a General Election in this country, there still remains much to be accounted for before one can be satisfied that the despondent tone to which we have referred is entirely warranted. In our opinion the present attitude is unreasonable and if quotations should continue on the downward grade there should be many satisfactory purchases of cheap stock to be made by the shrewd investor. Before leaving the subject it may be desirable to point out that even supposing the internal troubles in Russia should result in a revolution—and this very unlikely result is very generally accepted in the City—it must not be forgotten that whilst such development would operate as a "bear" point, inasmuch as Paris would undoubtedly sell, it is also reasonable to suppose that it would hasten the conclusion of peace in the Far East and that is an extremely strong "bull" point.

The market in the finer securities has been very dull and the only event of interest in high finance has been the issue of a 5 per cent. Chilean Loan for £1,350,000 at 95½, brought out under the auspices of Messrs. Rothschild: the lists were closed before the advertised date and the premium of 1 at which the loan stands is quite warranted as the security forms a satisfactory investment at the price.

The bonds offered on behalf of the colony of New South Wales were eagerly applied for and it is unlikely that any considerable allotment will be made except to those who lodge the old bonds for exchange—the lists are to be kept open until Monday next for this purpose, and the opportunity should be taken by any person holding the bonds to secure renewal. The prospectus is published of a 4 per cent. loan of £350,000 at the issue price of 96½ on behalf of the town and port of East London, Cape Colony; the issuing bank is the Standard Bank of South Africa, and we may safely recommend it to those desiring a well-secured colonial municipal loan.

The American market has been the bright spot during the week, and although the advices from New York are couched in more cautious terms than formerly, the general opinion is that prices will advance quietly, even although the present quotations in many instances are virtually on a "boom" basis. The Ordinary stock of the Minneapolis, S. Paul and Sault S. Marie Co. is worthy of attention by genuine investors who can pay for the stock. We understand that the earnings of the road are excellent, and that the Canadian Pacific Railway have the control—at the present price the yield is slightly over 4 per cent., with a very good chance of increase.

South African mining shares have been very dull, and the bears have been able to work with substantial effect on a market which was rather overloaded with stock. The account of a speculator who dealt largely and had got out of his depth had to be closed, and this operation naturally assisted to depress the tone. The statement that the Chinese labourers had refused to work was promptly contradicted, and the gossip as to the intention of the Government to restrict the importation of Chinamen for the present was also not seriously considered. But the selling from Paris was quite sufficient to counteract any temporary recovery which took place from time to time, and the market closed at the lowest prices. The settlement begins on Monday next, and after the shake-out which has taken place we are in favour of the rise against the fall.

A new company, Lacleche Frères Limited, formed to take over and develop the jewelry business of Lacleche Frères and to open a branch in London has issued its prospectus. The capital is £480,000 and the average profit of the three years ending May 1904 nearly £37,000.

NELSON'S PENSION TEA INSURANCE.

SINCE we referred to Nelson's Pension Tea Scheme four weeks ago some important developments have occurred. A petition to wind up the company has been presented; the payment of pensions was at first reduced and has now ceased altogether, and Mr.

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Emerson Bainbridge has written a long letter withdrawing his candidature for the city of Hereford which he contemplated contesting in the Radical interest at the next election. It has long been obvious to the directors of Nelson's and to most other people that the payment of pensions at the promised rate of 10s. and 5s. a week could not continue. The widows who received these pensions were being paid far too much at the expense of other customers of Nelson's, but they had been led to regard the annuities as a certainty for life and a great deal of distress has been caused by their cessation, and it is said that hundreds of widows have had to seek parish relief in consequence of Nelson's failure to keep their promises.

Mr. Bainbridge, in his letter on the subject, appropriately divided the customers into three classes: first, those who have become widows and who have received in pensions more than the extra price which they paid for their tea. Inasmuch as it would mean the possession of something like £15,000,000 to enable the company to fulfil the anticipations which it encouraged, the making of any further payments to customers who have already made a profit out of their purchases seems out of the question. They will have to put up as best they can with the disillusionment that has come to them at last. The second class to which Mr. Bainbridge refers consists of customers who have become widows but who have not yet received from the company so much as the extra they paid for tea. These people constitute a comparatively small liability, and it is proposed to provide the money to save them from loss; this is not a serious undertaking for Mr. Bainbridge, and would involve the return of only a very small percentage of the profits he had made out of the company.

The third class is comprised of customers who have not yet become widows, but who have as a whole paid hundreds of thousands of pounds extra for their tea in the hope of securing pension benefits. These people have been monstrously treated. It is proposed that they shall continue to be customers and pay 2s. 4d. a pound for their tea; this 2s. 4d. is to be spent as follows:—1s. 4d. for tea; 6½d. for insurance; and 5½d. for Nelson's shareholders. Having been deluded in the past, they are to be further deluded in the future. The benefits promised to them is a payment at the death of the husband, provided the widow is alive, which is mathematically worth a pension of about 7d. a week. Mr. Ralph Price Hardy has certified the tables on which the benefits are based, and doubtless if the moneys were received and properly handled the benefits could be paid. We cannot refrain from expressing the opinion that Mr. Hardy by allowing his name to be advertised in this connexion to a quite exceptional extent has inadvertently given encouragement to a most pernicious scheme. A few people understand the significance of an actuary's opinion; the great majority have believed that Mr. Hardy approves and endorses the entire Nelson programme.

The company professes that this new insurance scheme is sound, in which case it would not only provide for the payment of claims during the early years but enable reserves to be accumulated for accruing liabilities. Mr. Bainbridge's offer to provide a sum of money sufficient to keep this insurance scheme solvent for twelve months therefore amounts to nothing: it is either throwing dust in the eyes of the public, or a confession that the insurance scheme is unsound. It is proposed to provide a further sum to grant immediate benefits to widows who have been customers for some time: this also amounts to very little.

The fact is that these specious proposals of restitution are neither more nor less than a desperate attempt to keep going a profitable business. The directors of Nelson and Co. have proved to be utterly unfit to conduct an insurance company. By paying some widows a great deal too much and making no provision for the liability on account of the great majority of their customers, they have acted unfairly between different classes of policy-holders. Their conduct has been precisely analogous to that of an ordinary insurance company giving a bonus of £1,700 on a policy assuring £100 in order to build up their business, thereby making it impossible to meet the legal claims of other policy-holders; in addition they have taken for their

shareholders 50 per cent. of the premiums paid. Nelson's pension tea has been a huge mistake as events have shown. If it is continued on any lines that have so far been mentioned we are afraid it will not be possible in future to characterise it otherwise.

THE ANGEL CAR.

FROST or snow in London always entails suffering for the well-to-do classes as well as for the unemployed. These sufferings are not the less acute because obscure to the man without the bellyful. He thinks, naturally, that you are wholly to be envied if you have plenty of money to buy bread and meat with. But what is the use of money for food if you have a succession of chills on the liver, such as vile weather brings in London, and cannot digest anything you eat? We recall the case of a rich doctor, a martyr to dyspepsia in every conceivable form, followed by a beggar who piteously sought alms, and exclaimed with obvious sincerity that he was terribly hungry. The doctor enviously replied "You very lucky beggar—I haven't been hungry for months". But it is not so much the grosser pains born of food or its absence that we would refer to. Rather, we have in thought the discomforts for the mind of the nervous or sensitive person caused at this season by the selfishness or criminal incapacity of others who clearly have neither nerves nor sense. Let us consider two ills, widely differing in character, to which many an unhappy and foolish Londoner—foolish for why should he be in town at such a time?—has been subject during the last week. The first is ridiculous, and therefore quite human and real. In frost and snow, the number of sleepers and snorers at certain London clubs is abominably increased. You go into the smoking-room after lunch and find yourself within range of a fat plethoric party who has gone to sleep in an armchair right in front of the fire and is wheezing and snoring horribly. It is of no use turning to the morning room, the library or the billiard-room. He is there too making a series of blood-curdling noises. The average member does not in the least mind him: indeed regards him with affability. A few members glare at him, and eye each other inquiringly, but nobody takes action as a rule. Now and then the bell is rung and the waiter ordered to wake the offender. It comes to nothing. He wakes with a look of guilty innocence, merely to drop off again in a few minutes and make noises more hideous than ever. When will committees take heart to deal drastically with that curse of life, the club snorer? It is a farce having a strict ballot on examination of all new candidates, postponing names again and again, blackballing for minor offences such as those of race, occupation or reputation, when people guilty of sleeping loudly are elected freely and encouraged in the habit.

Driven past all bearing, you rush from the club-house in a state bordering on nervous collapse, to find yourself and all London, men, women, and, worst of all, the wretched horses, sliding and slipping on sheets of ice which the authorities have carefully provided by suffering the slush of a recent thaw to remain on the pavement and the roadway till it freezes. After the horses have floundered about on this glassy surface for a few hours or so, a sight to wring the soul, a little perfumery gravel is scattered, and then nothing more is done till it thaws. After this, authority waits for it to freeze again. If there is no hope of a frost, the little mud which remains on the road after a day or two's waiting—most of it by then has been splattered by the great flat hoofs of the van horses on to the walls of the houses and the persons of the foot passengers—is shovelled up and carted away; and authority can point with pride to the beautiful state of the London streets. It is hateful to be splattered with mud; it is hateful to drive in a hansom on the glassy roads, expectant every moment of being shot out into the muddy road. But perhaps there is nothing that wrings one so often and so much as the terror of the floundering horses. It is quite clear that the authorities can't and won't keep the roads in order. The only escape from this misery that occurs to us is the motor. Save for side slips on a gigantic

scale, and a certain amount of smashing up—which, however, takes place no matter what the condition of the roads—the motor really seems as happy, to the inexperienced eye, in slush and on ice roads as in its element—the dust. When we first smelt it, and heard it, and saw it, it appealed to us as a visitor from the nether world. It was a very devil at night—the fearsome red glare of its eyes, the shriek, the horrid explosions of it. And then the people who rode it—their goggles—their furs. Fancy the skinning of animals that will have to take place when we all drive motors. But imagine the swift, smooth-going motor taking the place of the wretched, struggling horse on the ice roads prepared by authority, saving many a poor beast from the knacker; and then you have not a devil, you have an angel. Electricity, petrol, this is the real thing. In America everything will go by electricity ere long. Think of the electric cars of Paris, and then of the Pandemonium in Piccadilly on a frosty evening in January. All that is necessary in Paris is to dodge the electric cars successfully when you are off the pavement. Of course accidents occur now and again. Something above gives way, or is torn out of its socket, and people on the top of the car may suffer. And obviously there can be too many electric cars for safety. For instance, in New York on Wednesday Sir Charles Wyndham was getting out of the first electric car to get into the second near by, when he was knocked down by the third, and had his shoulder dislocated. But, if electric cars and motor omnibuses do not solve the difficulty entirely for passengers, they certainly do for horses. Years ago electric cabs were not an absolute success from the shareholder point of view. But for long the chief omnibus companies have been playing with the motor omnibus question. They were understood to be watching one another, big with plan and counter-plan. It would be interesting to learn why so little has come of these preparations.

THE INTERNATIONAL: THE DUBLIN GALLERY.

THERE seems to be a general agreement among the critics that the name and programme of the International Society are too big for what it succeeds in doing, and also that its exhibition is too big for its actual strength, that there is too much of pretentious and indifferent work.

I should not be inclined to give much weight to the first ground of complaint. If an exhibition is an interesting one it matters very little what it is called or what were the original intentions of its founders. It was pretty obvious from the first that the attempt to hold a really international yearly exhibition in London was bound to break down sooner or later. The Society could reckon on a few staunch and regular supporters in foreign countries, and the occasional appearance of other important artists, and no more was to be expected. That all or many of the important artists of other countries should send their work speculatively to London year by year was not to be reckoned on. What was to be expected has happened. Associated with Mr. Lavery was a group of French painters who have exhibited with him in various parts of the world since they came together in the Champ de Mars. These stalwarts are Messrs. Blanche, Simon, Cottet and Thaulow, and two of the most solid works in the present exhibition are the portraits by the first and second of these. M. Rodin, by accepting the post of president last year and contributing to the exhibitions, has greatly strengthened this group, and among other exhibitors this year are Messrs. Zorn, Carrière and Carolus-Duran. The limited nature of the foreign forces was obscured in the earlier exhibitions by the fact that a number of works were borrowed from dealers or collectors. There is very little of the retrospective and borrowed element this year, except in the section of drawings and prints; Messrs. Durand-Ruel have their own exhibition of Manet, Degas, Monet and others at the Grafton. Hence, a good deal, the disillusionment of the critics. On the other hand the Society has its own illusions, and persists in casting a

wide net and bringing in all Europe after a fashion. The haul is a poor one, and it is a real ground of complaint that much of the work shown was undeserving of transport.

So much for the foreign side. On the home side the supporters fall into two sections. At the start there was the solid body of the Scottish School, headed by Messrs. Guthrie and Lavery. This force has now been divided to some extent by the Scottish Academy, but the Society reckons Messrs. Lavery, Walton, Hornel, Brough, Nicholson, Pryde and some others in its present exhibition. The second section includes a number of artists who exhibit freely in various exhibitions, of which the International is one. Examples are Messrs. Strang, Charles Shannon, Ricketts, Mark Fisher, Conder, Peppercorn. Then there is a third section, that of drawings and prints, to which importance has always been given in the exhibition under the lead of Mr. Pennell and Mr. Sullivan.

I have made out this rough ground-plan so as to draw a moral. If all these artists put their full force into the exhibition, the New Gallery is not too big for a yearly show. But this is not the case. The cosmopolitan illusion fills too much space, and the stronger men do not fill enough. If the forces that have been scattered during the last year in the Guildhall Exhibition, the Portrait Painters, the Institute, the Society of Twelve, the Landscape Exhibition and other places were concentrated here, the effect would be very different. Whether it is more to the advantage of the individual artist to scatter or concentrate is a question which only he can answer, but the scattering and crumbling certainly do weaken a society like the International.

In my view, then, limitation and concentration should be the watchwords of policy for the International, if its future exhibitions are to be more satisfactory. The foreign exhibitors should be very specially selected, and the stronger men among the members here induced to put their force into the exhibitions. The ambition to rival the Academy in imposing scale and inclusiveness would be a mistaken one. The history of the Champ de Mars Salon is a warning against that. The independent societies should rather aim at coherence, at manageable and congenial grouping. To secure this a very important matter is their constitution. The present constitution of the International is less satisfactory than that of the Academy. The Academy consists of members and associates, the former constituting the council by rotation. In the International there is no class of "members" except the honorary members, and the "associates" appear to have no powers, the council remaining fixed.

I have given so much space to the general character of the Society because it has reached a rather critical point in its career. In a later article I will deal with what is of chief interest in the work exhibited, but to-day I must turn to another matter of pressing interest. Some time back I described the project for founding a gallery of modern art in Dublin. The exhibition of the works it was proposed to buy has now closed. It roused great interest and enthusiasm and gallant efforts have been made to raise the necessary funds. I do not know how much has been secured, but in the absence of any gift on the heroic scale it seems unlikely that the scheme of the promoters can be carried through as a whole. That scheme, it will be remembered, was to buy a number of pictures and drawings carefully selected from the Staats-Forbes collection and including many works by Constable, Millet, Corot and other masters English and foreign, but particularly of the romantic French School. In addition to this it was proposed to buy the collection of later French painters lent by Messrs. Durand-Ruel. This collection contained some fine works, but was not so carefully selected. On this side I think the promoters might very well take in sail and be content with the Puvion de Chavannes and the "Musiciens Ambulants" of Manet for the present. The Forbes collection is the part of the project to concentrate upon, and even here there is room for retrenchment: a half or a third of the hundred and sixty works would make a splendid nucleus for a gallery.

Meantime there is some danger to the success of

the movement from those aimlessly obstructive forces that interfere when a very fine thing is in the way of being done quite simply and directly. The Royal Hibernian Academy, which lent its rooms for the exhibition, and was understood to be supporting the movement, has issued a manifesto in the papers. The document is ill expressed and ambiguous, but its general effect is to throw cold water on the scheme and to invoke the kind of machinery which we know from experience would infallibly strangle or pervert it. Fortunately the effect of this document has been discounted by the letter of a correspondent who explains the exact amount of weight that it carries. It was drawn up by the Council of the Academy, and that Council consists of two architects and four painters. Of these painters one strongly dissented, so that this vague pronouncement represents the views of three painters. It would be unkind to inquire who these painters are, and it would not be fair to assume that they really mean to throw doubt on the value of the Forbes collection; but if so, they are unlikely to reverse the artistic judgment of Europe. The danger does not lie in that direction, but in the distrust sown in the minds of those who have no conviction, and the apparent reasonableness of the demand for academic committees, "independent advice" and all the rest of it. That way, it cannot be too clearly understood, lies a Chantrey collection. The other way is to back up the man who has conviction, knows where to get advice when necessary, and has proved it by the collection shown in Dublin.

To give an idea of the European importance of the Forbes collection I add a simple list of names and of the number of pictures or drawings by each.

Of the English school: Constable (14), Wilkie (2), David Cox (1), De Wint (1), Cotman (1), Cecil Lawson (2), Whistler (6), Peppercorn (1), Mark Fisher (2), James Charles (1), William Stott (1), Steer (2), Conder (4), Orpen (1). Of the French school: Géricault (2), Michel (2), Delacroix (2), Barye (1), Corot (16), Rousseau (5), Millet (16), Jacques (2), Troyon (5), Isabey (2), Decamps (1), Daumier (3), Diaz (6), Courbet (5), Daubigny (3), Dupré (1), Monticelli (5), Ricard (1), Boudin (1), Cazin (2), Harpignies (2), B. Lepage (1), Fortuny (1), Gérôme (1), Degas (1), Fantin-Latour (7), Legros (4), Monet (1), Carolus-Duran (1), B. Constant (1), Vollon (1). Of other schools: Leys (1), Jongkind (3), Israels (2), Artz (1), M. Maris (3), J. Maris (4), Mauve (3), Bosboom (1), Segantini (5), A. Stevens (2), Lenbach (1).

Argument seems needless on such a list. One or two items are open to question, but as a whole the collection, as the proposed foundation for a modern gallery, is quite incredibly good. The Ionides is meagre in comparison.

D. S. MACCOLL.

SONG FROM AN UNFINISHED DRAMA.

HOPE, the great explorer,
Love whom none can bind,
Youth that looks before her,
Age that looks behind,
Joy with brow like Summer's,
Care with wintry pate,
Masquers are and mummers
At Life's gate.

Pow'r with narrow forehead,
Wealth with niggard palm,
Wisdom old, whose hoar head
Vaunts a barren calm;
Haughty overcomers,
In their pomp and state:—
Masquers all and mummers
At Death's gate!

WILLIAM WATSON.

BIZET, HIS REVENGE.

THERE has been or is going to be or is being celebrated at the Opéra Comique, Paris, the 1,000th performance there of Bizet's "Carmen". I don't know precisely how matters stand, for I have been absorbed in a calculation provoked by the French newspapers. Probably everyone knows by now that a war between the Russian and Japanese nations is raging somewhere in Asia. Day by day I have read the death-bill and at length I have established it beyond a doubt that—if the French newspapers report the truth—not only are Japan and Russia depopulated, but there is a minus quantity of humanity left, a sort of human vacuum. Intensely preoccupied by this fascinating statistical problem, some musical events have escaped my attention. Perhaps, after all, my time has not been wasted. Have I not been engaged in "pegging out claims for posterity"—not by the infantile process of sticking bits of wood in places of which I don't know the names, names I couldn't pronounce if I did know them, but by pointing out where land can be had very cheap. Like the astronomer mentioned in last week's paper who discovered Neptune in his study, I have discovered two vast uninhabited countries in a newspaper. The process reminds me of the gentleman who, according to the newspapers of ten years ago, found a comet in his backyard. What it was doing there and how he got rid of it I do not know.

All this, however, in an article ostensibly on a musical subject is an idle digression. Leaving, therefore, the politicians and political economists to make full and proper use of my astonishing discovery, let me continue with the smaller subject of Bizet. The thousandth representation in one theatre alone—it is a figure that amazes one. If Bizet were alive to-day he would be a younger man than Saint-Saëns; scarcely thirty years have passed since "Carmen" was produced. Since 1875 it has voyaged all over the world, and it is impossible even to guess how many times it has been given. Bizet must be reckoned as one of the most popular composers of the nineteenth century; yet there is not, to my knowledge, a single trustworthy account of his life. I have read several sketches and found them padded with drivelling anecdotes of the sort which fill the achievements of hard-working musical book-makers. For instance, I read somewhere that Bizet was an extraordinary pianist and once played at first sight something from a very elaborate full score; and Liszt was reported to have said that he thought there was only one man living who could do that—meaning Liszt. Elsewhere I have read that Bizet was no pianist. And so on, and so on, ad nauseam. Finally, we all know that Bizet died heart-broken because of the failure of "Carmen". But—

But, if there is any faith at all to be put in direct statements of fact supported by quotations from letters, all this is nonsense. Bizet did not die of a broken heart; "Carmen" was never a failure. This information I lately culled from the last journal in the world in which one would have expected to find it, "Le Petit Parisien", and it occurred in an article by—of all people—the gentleman who signs "Jean Frolo". I have at various times read many of Mr. Jean Frolo's essays with pleasure and profit; but it had never occurred to me that he was destined to come forward to sweep away a lot of rubbish that has accumulated round Bizet's memory. I take it that his statements are true because they are explicit and chapter and verse is given for them. This one article affords a better view of Bizet than the more elaborate biography in "Grove"; and whereas the "Grove" article is written in lame and nerveless English, innocent of literature, Mr. Jean Frolo's is in racy and sufficiently literary French. He tells us first the stuff of which Bizet's father was made. As a youngster this intrepid gentleman left Rouen—and this will not surprise anyone who has ever lived in Rouen—and went to Paris; and in Paris he became a barber's assistant, which it is not absolutely necessary to do simply because you have left Rouen. His musical talent being discovered, he was taken in hand and trained and became a fairly well-known Paris musician. He married and the composer called Georges Bizet was

born to him (I cannot say why his proper Christian name was changed to Georges, but such tricks are common to all classes of French people). Georges also showed musical talent and became a musician. After infinite difficulty he won the *prix de Rome*, that useless, fatuous survival from a time when Italy was still a centre of artistic culture. He then wrote a number of works of more or less importance, and they were more or less successful. As this article is not a biography of Bizet they need not concern us here. At last he came to "Carmen". If it was not an unbounded success it had, for those days, quite a satisfactory run. Poor as the comic opera of the period was, it had not yet descended to the infamous depths of idiocy to be found in the various "Girls" musical comedies of to-day, and so it was not enabled to tap the largest section of the public—the fools—and secure runs of some years; and if "Carmen" did not have a popular success to compare with that of a Gaiety production, it was regarded at the time as anything but a failure. Judging from one of Bizet's last letters, quoted by Mr. Jean Frolo—a letter full of confidence, hope and energy—the composer himself was not dissatisfied. So away with one more romantic anecdote, which only the Crowests of the future will venture to repeat.

As for the press criticisms, I don't suppose Bizet gave them a moment's attention. It must be remembered that impartial musical and dramatic criticism—criticism as we understand the word—hardly exists in France—as for Germany, no English critic who has received the visit of some unsophisticated German beginner, and heard his compliments, thenceforth pays much attention to German criticism). In France criticism is the *réclame*, and according to the amount of the pay varies the ardour and length of the *éloge*. The system is recognised as openly as that of the *claque*. The chefs of the *clagues* of the Opéra and Opéra Comique of Paris must be as well known to the habitués as was the chef of the *claque* of the Brussels opera after I had been one day at the house of a singer when he came to collect his tribute or blackmail. When I speak of this matter I claim absolute knowledge of all the smallest details of the system. As with the *claque*, so with the critics and the criticism; the applause is paid for and the criticism is paid for. The critic is simply a sort of advertisement canvasser making the most of the space at his disposal; and he has an advantage which an English canvasser has not—if the advertisement rates are not duly paid an unfavourable notice appears. Only two—or perhaps three—Paris papers do not work on this system; it is generally recognised; and should there be any contradiction of my statement, it will be intended for English consumption only. On the whole our English method seems better. I have denounced the ordinary hack-critics in my most eloquent terms, but I don't believe there is one now at work who would accept a bribe, and I don't believe there is an editor left who would ask him to do so. In the "Fortnightly" for August, 1894, I published a letter from an editor demanding favourable notices for certain concerts because the entrepreneur advertised, and the original is still with me. It is signed by a gentleman who was connected with the evening version of those two halfpenny papers, morning and evening, which have brought cheap journalism into the London gutter. Such a letter could not be written now, and such letters were not often written in the past. Rather, as I pointed out in the same "Fortnightly" article, some of the critics, backed by the large circulation of their newspapers, secured commissions to write librettos; and they freely damned works for which the librettos were written by their rivals. In France, where all these tricks are commonly known, this procedure would have counted for nothing; whereas in England, where criticism has always been supposed to be impartial, it has counted for a great deal—for many figures in some banking accounts. But this kind of criticism, blatantly, brazenly, commercial, has proved less annoying than that of the lickspittle sort, or, to speak more frankly, the Kensington Gore sort, in which one sees always the critic's eye fixed on his subject with a half-smile of expectant praise.

For one reason or another, then, the criticisms passed on "Carmen" were not gushing; and if this did not

affect Bizet, it may have had something to do with the fate of the opera. Anyhow, after the composer's death the opera was quietly placed on the shelf. There it lay, neglected by the French, until it was played with immense success abroad, and then the French made a remarkable discovery—that "Carmen" was the very incarnation of their national spirit. They were a long time in finding that, but the thousand performances at the Opéra Comique, not to mention the numberless representations throughout the country, show the sincerity with which the claim is put forward. As a smart woman never tires of admiring herself in a looking-glass, so the French are never weary of going to see themselves as reflected in "Carmen". Bizet has his revenge. His shade doing its nightly prow along the Boulevard—all Parisian ghosts do that every night—may well take the turning that leads to the Opéra Comique and indulge in a quiet chuckle that *its* work keeps the concern going.

And now, to celebrate this 1,000th performance they are going to honour the composer. How should it be done? In China they would make his father an earl, so that, though Georges was the son of a barber, Georges' father was a peer. The Wagner family propose that the public should celebrate the 100th anniversary of Wagner's birth by making a present of 100,000 marks and a new theatre to—the Wagner family. The Germans, however, knew exactly how it should be done in the case of Brahms. As soon as he had written a symphony that nobody could understand they made him a Doctor of Philosophy. When an Englishman writes a particularly tedious oratorio they make him a knight. They had far better make him a Doctor of Medicine on the ground that he has tried to kill a large number of people; and if he has not succeeded, still he has done his best. The French will probably honour Bizet cheaply. According to Mr. Jean Lorrain there exists in the cellars of the Opéra Comique a statue of the composer and it is proposed to stick this up in some park. What could be easier, what more effective? The *Ministre des Beaux-Arts* has only to sign his name, a few hundred francs can easily be collected for a pedestal and a site can easily be secured, and the whole thing is done. For a mere song the composer is honoured, a park is ornamented, public persons are given a chance of spouting about the glory of France, and everyone is satisfied. Only, perhaps the shade of Bizet making its tour the evening after the unveiling will seek the honoured spot and chuckle a little ironically.

JOHN F. RUNCIMAN.

DRAMATIC TRANSLATION.

WHAT happens "when an irresistible force meets an indestructible body"? I give it up. But I know what happens when an irresistible person makes an unreasonable request. Mr. Bernard Shaw, who is always irresistible, addressed to this REVIEW last week a letter in which he urged me to write "two columns" conveying "a canon of translation for plays written in slang and in dialect". Well, three weeks ago I gave my canon, and gave it in quite a long-winded way. But, since Mr. Shaw wants me to repeat myself in a still more long-winded way, I will see what can be done. After all, questions of dramatic translation really are rather important. And perhaps it is better to convince people about a thing than not to bore them about it. So I will try to provide one of those canons two columns long that on the outstretched finger of Time, &c.

Mr. Shaw says that though he, like me, would translate the slang and dialect of a Russian peasant into ordinary, unremarkable English, he would thereby be grossly misrepresenting Tolstoy. And he seems to regard the whole situation as desperate. That is what comes of being a confirmed idealist. Translation can never, of course, be a perfect vehicle. Something must always be lost in it. There must always be a compromise. But let us not wring our hands. Rather, let us try how hard a bargain we can drive with the Nature of Things

Roughly, there are two methods of translating a play—the scientific way, and the æsthetic way. For the student in his library, let the author's text be rendered with all possible fidelity. Let exact equivalents be found for every phrase, so that the student at leisure shall be made privy to the author's every minutest meaning, and shall drink ever so deep at the well of ethnology, and shall be all the while deeply impressed by the piety and the ingenuity of the translator. But in the theatre we do not want to be constantly pulled up sharp by our admiration for the translator. We want to forget the translator's existence. We want even to forget the author's existence. What we want is merely the play: not ethnology, but humanity: human beings generically, not foreigners specifically. We want to be as nearly as possible in the position of such people as are compatriots of the author and saw the play acted in the original version. Now, assuming that Tolstoy's play has been acted in Russia, to the Russian people who saw it there was nothing extraordinary and remarkable in the utterances of the dramatis personæ. The Russian characters were using just the queer slang and dialect which Russian peasants use in real life, and which is familiar to all Russians. There would be nothing extraordinary and remarkable to us in hearing Russian characters talk ordinary and unremarkable English. The inherent incongruity would pass unnoticed. But, when these characters talk a lingo which we associate only with certain classes in English life, then their utterances take on a tyrannous importance, and, instead of merely grasping the significance of what they say, we are wondering all the while what they will say next. We are so preoccupied by the form that the spirit eludes us utterly. All that we are conscious of is the glaring incongruity of English language on the lips of Russian peasants. Of course, the translator's aim was to preserve local colour as much as possible—to give us a true impression of Russian peasants. But his means necessarily defeat his end. For in seeing the translation acted we do not say to ourselves "These are real Russian peasants", but "These, we must remember, are not English, but Russian, peasants". When I said just now that we want in the theatre not ethnology, but humanity, I did not, of course, mean that we want to imagine the foreign characters not to be foreigners. I meant that we want to be able to take their foreignness as a matter of course, and so to go straight to our comprehension of them as human beings. The translator who enables us to do that is really the most faithful translator, for he puts us as nearly as possible into the position of a native audience. Of course, his task is the easier when the original language can be faithfully translated into usual English. His real difficulty is when usual English has to be found for original oddities. But, by hook or crook, found that usual English must be.

Remember (I have not forgotten) that I am dogmatising only about translations for the theatre. It is interesting and valuable, for the student, to learn that a foreign peasant will, to express a particular meaning, use some form of speech for which there is, in English, a very near equivalent. But the translator for the theatre has to ask himself "Would an English peasant, to express that particular meaning, use this very near equivalent for that form of speech?" He has to distinguish carefully between practical equivalents and equivalents that are merely verbal. To explain the difference between these two kinds, let me take the case of "S'elp me", which has been so much bandied between Mr. Maude, Mr. Shaw and myself. "Nan", says Mr. Maude, referring to the child in whose lips the phrase was placed, "living among people not careful of the truth, helps out nearly every assertion with a little oath by way of assurance that she is not telling a fib". I have no doubt that little Russian girls do often swear under the slightest provocation. Nor have I any doubt that "S'elp me" is a near translation of one of their favourite oaths. But little English-speaking girls are not in the habit of swearing; and so the translation, though verbally near, is practically far. "S'elp me" or any other oath would be uttered by a little English-speaking girl only under extreme provocation. When Nan utters it on

the English stage, it sounds ugly and has at once a violent significance, very different from its original significance. I have been challenged to say what she ought to say "since she must say something". Nor have I any diffidence in replying. The matter is quite simple. To get my reply, I have merely to ask myself "What would Nan, being herself, and being placed in those circumstances, have said, to convey that same meaning, if her language had happened to be English instead of Russian?" Of course she would have merely said "I promise you", or "Really and truly". Either of these phrases would give to an English audience the exact nuance that was given to a Russian audience by the native equivalent for "S'elp me". Something would be lost to us, doubtless. An ethnological detail would be lost. But, s'elp me, I would barter that gladly for the dramatic truth.

The duty of a translator for the theatre is very much akin to the duty of an oral interpreter. When two men meet, each ignorant of the other's language, it is the interpreter's business to make them understand each other as fellow-men, not to proclaim the exact width of the gulf that separates them as foreigners. The difference between the uses of two languages is not less than the difference between the languages themselves. Therefore interpretation must, if it is to be effectual, be broad and free. I forget whether Mr. Shaw speaks Arabic, and I do not know whether he numbers any Arab chiefs among his friends. But let us assume that he does. And let us suppose that one of these Arab chiefs came to stay with him in London, and were brought by him one day to see me. I should say to the stranger "I am delighted to meet you". But this, literally translated, would be a grave affront. As I had meant well, Mr. Shaw, indicating me with a wave of the hand, would say in Arabic, "This, thy wretched cast-off slave, trembleth in his inmost fibres that thou shouldst have deigned to irradiate with the almost intolerable lustre of thy presence the grimy hovel in which he draggeth out his degraded existence". To which the Arab: "Nay, but assure him that in yonder mirror I behold myself reduced by the dimensions of his palace to something less than the size of a gnat, and that this is, alas! the last sight that ever will be vouchsafed to me, for that the glory of my host's person hath afflicted me with a sudden but incurable blindness." Whereupon Mr. Shaw (chafing a little): "He says that any friend of MINE is a friend of *his*." Now, if Mr. Shaw had not interpreted his friend at all freely, I should have been firstly embarrassed, secondly distressed. And if Mr. Shaw had not interpreted me, too, freely, I should have been run through the body with a scimitar (or whatever it is that an Arab chief carries). And suppose, further, that Mr. Shaw (fired by the example of translators who translate one dialect through another dialect) had reproduced for the Arab chief my own peculiarities of speech. I was born in London, and doubtless have an excruciating cockney accent. Suppose Mr. Shaw had, therefore, in repeating my words, spoken Arabic with an atrocious Meccan accent. Straightway the chief would have been mentally transported into the alleys of Mecca, and I should have seemed to him as utterly anomalous and unreal as seem to us Russian peasants speaking English dialect. As it was I seemed quite verisimilar to him. And, moreover, thanks to Mr. Shaw's admirable freedom in choice of words, each interlocutor was made to understand more or less what the other was driving at; and who knows but that this will be the basis of a life-long friendship?

A friendship under difficulties, of course. Something must be lost through even the best interpretation. Likewise, something must be lost through even the best translation of plays. English playgoers will never, for example, be so closely in touch with Tolstoy as they are, or soon will be, with the comparatively compatriotic Mr. Shaw. But we can (if my hints are taken) be brought into fairly close touch even with quite alien playwrights.

MAX BEERBOHM.

BLACKBIRDS—THE HATES OF THE HENS.

I HAVE stated my suspicions that the hen blackbird—all unadorned and sad-coloured though she is—yet sometimes courts and does battle for the cock, whose ebon plumage and lustrous golden bill may be supposed to have been acquired through the agency of sexual selection. For the fighting, at any rate, that is a certainty. Well do I remember a certain combat which took place on the gravel walk of my garden in Suffolk and which must have lasted at the very least quite twenty minutes—"or by're Lady" half an hour. Indeed how it ended was the wonder, for both birds, evidently, were prepared to fight "till death them should part". Never have I seen anything more envenomed. For the greater part of the time they lay prostrate on the ground, each prevented from rising by the efforts of the other, and though, on several occasions, they mutually struggled free, it was not with any intention, on the part of either, to escape, but only in order to be in a better position to renew the attack—*reculer pour mieux sauter*. Accordingly, after a moment's breathing space, they closed again, and at such recommencings there was the ordinary springing into the air and fluttering up, one against the other's breast.

But this never lasted long. Soon they were again at grips and, with bills either interlocked or fixed in each other's plumage, rolled together on the ground. It might be noted, then, how when one was uppermost, holding the other down with wings as well as beak and claws, this one though prostrate and, for the time, worsted, yet turning her head up gripped and gripped again with her beak at her enemy's head and throat. At such times I seemed to see through the glasses the expression of unquenchable, undying hatred. Say, goddess, then, the cause of all this mighty wrath. What was it that inspired such hatred in the breasts of gentle hens, making of them very viragos?—"tantæne animis celestibus iræ?" I know not, indeed, of a certainty, but this I know, that during the later stages of the combat a fine handsome cock blackbird stood, and, as it were, looked on not a dozen paces off, and that when, at last, one of the combatants had reeled—more through weakness than confessed defeat—into the bounding hedge of my garden the other first ran to him, and then, he following, flew to a like shady retreat. This, if it be not proof, is at any rate, I think, strong evidence of that reversal of the ordinary usages of gallantry, as between the sexes of the blackbird, which I suppose occasionally to take place. Again, in the early morning I have watched two hens chasing each other about in the presence of a cock with every appearance of rivalry and jealousy. In this case, however, the male took a more active part for he would sometimes chase away one of the hens, as though preferring the other.

Whether, indeed, it was always the same bird he chased I am unable to say, since it was impossible to distinguish the two, nor could I keep them always distinct from one another. Possibly he treated each alike, which would prove him either fickle or indifferent, but whatever were his feelings, of this I am convinced that it all went "to the tune of 'Two maids wooing a man'". It is further evidence, perhaps, of the hen blackbird's habits in this respect, that she will often assume, in the presence of the cock, much of the pose and action with which the latter is accustomed to pay his own addresses—at least in the early stages of his courtship.

But these silvan wooings are accompanied by constant flights, so that it is seldom, indeed, amidst bush and briery brake, that they can be watched to their conclusion. A fight one may see from beginning to end—but of courtship it is seldom one has more than a glimpse. Yet take this episode and let it count for what it will. A fine cock blackbird is on the greensward "by some forest side or fountain", when a hen, equally fine in her degree, comes down upon it too, neither close beside it nor far off, but making part of the picture—a coquettish distance, so to speak. Immediately on alighting she flirts her tail over her back, with a very sprightly and—as I take it—provocative

air, for she is turned full towards the handsome cock and all seems decidedly meant for him. Hardly, however, has he had time to look reciprocative, when another cock, as handsome as himself, flies down and begins hopping towards him. The first one, thereupon, hops away, saving his face by a zig-zag style of progression and an assumption of interest in various other directions. As soon as his withdrawal becomes apparent, his rival, who looks quite the husband, flies back towards his hen, and she rising in front of him and leading the way, they together re-enter the forest. It would be difficult to think otherwise than that this hen blackbird had wilfully set her cap at a rival male—perhaps a rejected suitor—in order to tease both him and her husband, and bring the latter on the scene. Why else did she look so gaillarde and assume the very pose that any male bird would, when alighting by her side to pay his court—turning towards this particular handsome cock too, and looking full at him? And why did she go off with the other as soon as he came, and in so easy, conjugal a manner except that he had rights, which she did not really dispute? From all this and more, that I have, from time to time, seen, I am inclined to think that the hen blackbird is not always content to await the choice of the male, but will, on occasions—how often I cannot say—take a much more active part in courtship than is supposed to pertain to her sex. In this particular I shall not draw any comparison between her and the female thrush, since as the sexes in the latter bird are alike, or, at least, indistinguishable in field observation, it is difficult to inform oneself on such a point, nor have I made any special endeavour to overcome the difficulty. Possibly, therefore, some of those "duels of thrushes" which I have spoken of in a former article, may have been not between cocks, but hens. One thing, indeed, I have noticed, which is that these battles are generally freer from pomp and show, less encumbered with those set and formal actions that one is familiar with in bird warfare, than are those waged between rival cock blackbirds.

I have seen them, indeed, without any, and so, too, have been such combats as I have been witness of in which hen blackbirds, only, took part. With them I have not observed that proud fanning of the tail accompanied with a little pompous rush, wherein it sweeps the ground. This, with the lowered head and other indefinable accompaniments, has been wanting. There has been more—considerably more—of fierceness and inveteracy, but without the embroidery; from which I argue that some of those unembroidered fights which I have seen between thrushes may have been hen fights, too, and if so, the cause of them was, probably, the same.

The common origin of the various members of the thrush family is shown, perhaps, as clearly in their voice as in the general resemblance which they have to one another. I am not thinking so much of the song of such as have a song, though that of the missel-thrush is very similar, I think, to the blackbird's, whilst this, again, resembles in character the lower and sweeter notes of the song-thrush. But it is in the non-musical notes, having to do with the more prosaic business of life throughout the year that I have myself been most interested in tracing the relationship. Everyone is familiar with the very harsh and angry scolding of the missel-thrush, whilst that of the fieldfare, though not so often heard, is even more violently outrageous. The song-thrush, apparently, has a sweeter character, yet, on occasions, he too gets angry, and then one hears a note which though lower and somewhat less grating than the other two, immediately recalls them, and is indeed essentially the same. But that the blackbird also had this unlovely sound at command and did sometimes utter it was both a discovery and a surprise for me. It is rare—very rare—for him to do so, but he can, for I have heard him; the trait is there like the horseshoe mark of the Redgauntlet family, which was visible even in the open forehead of the ingenuous Darsie Latimer, on the few occasions when he frowned.

EDMUND SELOUS.

CORRESPONDENCE.

MR. OLIVIER AND JAMAICA.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

Mena House Hotel, Pyramids, Cairo,
2 January, 1905.

SIR,—May I be allowed to point out a slight error which has crept into the paragraph in your issue of 24 December in which you comment upon Mr. Olivier's report on the island of Jamaica. You say that "the ability which he proclaimed as a Fabian was one reason why he was appointed Governor of Jamaica."

Mr. Olivier was never appointed Governor of Jamaica, nor held that office. His appointment was that of Colonial Secretary, and, according to custom, he acted, *ex officio*, as Governor during the short time which elapsed between my departure from the island and the arrival of the new Governor, Sir J. A. Swettenham.

It was the ability which he showed as a clerk in the Colonial Office which caused him to be selected for the appointment of Colonial Secretary, and I should doubt his socialistic proclivities or eminence as a Fabian having anything to do with it. I should hope they would rather have been disqualifications than otherwise.

Mr. Olivier did excellent work under me in Jamaica, and is entitled to full credit for it, but I am quite sure he would not wish to sail under false colours.

I may add that he was not in the island at the time of the hurricane of 11 August, 1903—the terrible effects of which can hardly be exaggerated—but returned shortly after.

The Governor at that anxious and critical time was

Yours faithfully,

AUGUSTUS W. L. HEMMING.

[We regret that we wrongly described Mr. Olivier's official position. We did not say Mr. Olivier was in Jamaica at the time of the hurricane, but that his report dealt with the methods of repairing its ravages; which is correct. Sir Augustus Hemming's scepticism of Mr. Olivier's Fabian claim seems to spring from prejudice.—Ed. S.R.]

THE AMERICAN COPYRIGHT BILL.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

10 January, 1905.

SIR,—I desire to thank you for the timely outspokenness of your article on American copyright. It is a wonder to me that English compositors have not taken action. As for the general British public, nothing will move them, as they seem to have got past caring whether they are "smitten on the cheek" or not. The hundreds of cheap reprints now appearing, with the names of English publishers on the title-page and English printers as an imprint at the end, while the sheets are merely "machined" from American plates, ought to have attracted more attention to this important "one-sided" arrangement by now. The worst of it is, our young people are being familiarised with "ardor", "neighbor", "traveler", "theater" and other such monstrosities. By all means persevere.

I am, &c.

A. W. K.

DEBRETT.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

160A Fleet Street, London, E.C., 11 January, 1905.

SIR,—While thanking you for the interesting notice of "Debrett" in your issue of the 7th inst., if the reviewer cares to call at this office he can see a volume bearing the name "Debrett" of a date much anterior to that of the one he says is the earliest he himself has seen.

Although the Duke of Richmond, as your reviewer remarks, was in 1904 reintroduced into the House of Lords as Duke of Gordon, this second introduction must have been made in error, seeing that the Duke already sat as Duke of Richmond, and it will be surprising if, when the new Roll of the House of Lords is published, the Duke is not found entered thereon in his

customary position as Duke of Richmond and not in that of Duke of Gordon.

The reviewer, however, makes a mistake when he says that on page 995 particulars are given of the Knights of the Royal Victorian Order, while those of the Orders of the Bath and S. Michael and S. George are omitted, as the Victorian Order is not mentioned at all on that page, the Orders referred to being those of the Garter, Thistle and S. Patrick, the Knights of which are not given (owing to higher rank) in the alphabetical list of biographies in the Knightage, while those of the Bath, S. Michael and S. George, Victorian and other Orders are. In this connexion the reviewer, by saying "that this is the more strange, as the Order of the Bath takes precedence of S. Patrick" raises a point which is not generally understood, namely, that the Knights of S. Patrick—unlike those of the Garter—have no relative precedence granted them as such in the general table of precedence, and the same remark applies to the Knights of the Thistle.

The arms depicted in "Debrett" for the Earl of Wicklow are not "an imagination of the Editor's", but in accordance with blazon supplied from Ulster office. If there is any inaccuracy in them perhaps the reviewer will kindly say what the arms of the Earl of Wicklow's grandfather really are?

Relative to his remarks regarding the barony of De Morley, he would appear to have missed the point, that not only is this title claimed but also assumed, and to be unaware that the confusion referred to has already occurred, at any rate sufficiently to produce not long since the following public advertisement in the Press:—

"Lord De Mauley, in consequence of numerous mistakes, finds it necessary to announce that he is not the same person as, and has no connexion with, Lord de Morley."

While I am quite at one with your reviewer in wishing that the Crown would adequately safeguard the hereditary titles it creates, surely he is not serious in making the preposterous suggestion he apparently does, that a book of reference like "Debrett" should insert only those particulars which are furnished to it, and should omit everything that may be requested to be left out. A volume produced on such lines would indeed be a curious publication, although no doubt it would make a bid for popularity of a sort, but as a book of reference would prove absolutely valueless.

Yours faithfully,

THE EDITOR OF "DEBRETT".

[We decline to depart from our judgment that the editor of a voluntary, private, and wholly unofficial publication has no claim to pose as an authority on title to bear dignity or arms, and we doubt if he has any legal right to question statements as to their families and arms made by those to whom he applies. The reference to the Earl of Wicklow's arms illustrates the point in contention. The Editor of Debrett says he appealed to the Ulster office instead of to the Peer, and the arms given him are in our judgment absurd, while the reference to the Earl's grandfather seems irrelevant. The reintroduction of the Duke of Richmond as Duke of Gordon was certainly not done in error, but for a reason good in the Duke's opinion and presumably satisfactory to the Lord Chancellor. As to our observation on the orders of knighthood, beginning on page 995, we have referred to the volume supplied, and do not perceive that we have erred. The paragraph upon the Barony of de Morley we consider distinctly objectionable.—Ed. S.R.]

ORNAMENT AND MONEY.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

Byfleet, Surrey.

SIR,—I need hardly say that I read your article on "Ornament and Money" in your issue of the 14th inst. with intense interest and much appreciation. I may be permitted, however, to remark that it is hardly correct to say that the theory is of German origin. My book on "The Evolution of Modern Money" in

which it is fully developed was published some years ago, and the late Dr. Schurtz's book, "Grundriss einer Entstehungsgeschichte des Geldes", from which a good deal of confirmatory evidence is quoted in "Economic Method and Economic Fallacies", had not then come under my notice.

M. Babelon in France, in "Origines de la Monnaie", and Professor Ridgeway among ourselves, in his "Origin of Metallic Currency", have both given many examples of the use of various forms of ornament as money among primitive peoples. Dr. Schurtz has done the same and has added much that is interesting and important. None of these writers however suggest that that craving for gold and silver in the modern world which has enabled them to assume the position of money among ourselves is a subsequent development of the earlier phenomenon. Professor Bucher's writings, so far as I am aware, have only an indirect bearing on the subject.—I am, &c.

WILLIAM WARRAND CARLILE.

IMMORTALITY.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

SIR,—Will you allow me to make a few observations on points raised in the article of 31 December, entitled "A Scientist's Attitude to Immortality"? It is stated, in the article, that "science has disproved all human theories for or against immortality". This is pleasurable information for me. I have used up a considerable slice of my lifetime in investigating, incidentally to other problems, the problem of the persistence of the human personality after mundane death, and there is a pretty substantial parcel of theory on the subject, supported by a large assortment of experimental facts, in my works, "Heresies" and "Meta-Christianity", to say nothing of a series of pamphlets which have recently been sent to yourself and to some of the most eminent scientific people in this and other countries. Under the circumstances, an announcement such as yours naturally interests me and arouses my curiosity as to the scientific locale where quietus awaits my theory. Pending enlightenment on this point, I venture to offer a few suggestions which seem to me to be germane to the problem of immortality.

As the scientific man and the religious man seem to be unable to establish belief for or against personal immortality, I submit that the metaphysical man ought to be allowed a try. As a man of that kidney, I have attained complete intellectual assurance of the continuity of my personal identity beyond the earthly life. The ground of this assurance is assurance of my personal identity as a causal agent quite distinct from, and independent of, manifestations of my causal activity involving my knowing such things as my body, others' bodies, sun, moon, stars, seas, mountains, molecules, atoms, bread, butter, aches and pains, thoughts, sentiments, emotions.

I suggest to the scientific man who desires to find some firm intellectual foothold regarding immortality that he should start by provisionally throwing overboard all his cargo of empirical assurance regarding the causal activity of seeings and touchings, constituting what he calls objects of sense. Next, I suggest that he should recognise the intellectual iniquity of confounding sensed things with mathematical abstractions, which he calls atoms. I have been trying to draw his attention to this iniquity for many years, and was gratified that Mr. Balfour introduced the point, as a novelty, to the attention of the last British Association meeting. I also notice that the point is vaguely referred to in your article where it deals with the physicist's dogma regarding the constitution of matter. Another suggestion is that the scientific man shall put to the fire of rigid intellectual scrutiny his implicit dogma that he can know things that he does not causally determine as his experience.

If, after due consideration, the scientific man finds that all he can possibly know can only exist for him as experience he determines as knower, I suggest that he may attain belief that to assume that the persistence of himself, as causal identity, is bound up with the per-

sistence of things transiently incident to his causal determinism is to assume absurdity.—Yours truly,
H. CROFT HILLER.

[If Dr. Croft Hiller had read the article in question more carefully, he would have noted that the statement that "science has disproved all human theories for or against immortality" was not ours, but the scientist's to whom we referred the question. We stated distinctly that we stood aside and left the field to him, reserving comment of any kind. If Dr. Hiller thinks this scientist was an editorial fiction, he is wrong. As to room for the metaphysician we are delighted to give it: from our theological standpoint we could only welcome his philosophic conclusion, but will it not require restatement in its terms for the ordinary mortal (rather, immortal) to get much comfort from it?—ED. S.R.]

THE CHRISTMAS GUEST GUILD.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

London, W.C., 18 January, 1905.

SIR,—In your article "Want and Independence" of 31 December you first discuss certain hypothetical opinions on the "unemployed" question. Afterwards you maintain that my letters on the Christmas Guest Guild as an educational effect on the London child constitute a *reductio ad absurdum* of those opinions. How can that be? Can you fitly associate under one criticism the means whereby a grown man may be enabled to tide over temporary misfortune with arrangements that affect the training of a young child? In this confusion, as I think, lies the root of the matter.

Next you imply that I am making an unnecessary fuss about "a simple act of kindness". But this elaborate scheme backed by a leading morning paper strikes me as being decidedly complex. We have an admirable advertisement for a newspaper, a social indication, an economic problem, an educational effect, and a charitable enterprise—all complicated together. Without the least reflection on the motives of any concerned with it (vide my first letter), I suggest that such a complication merits a closer scrutiny than you give it in your article.

Finally, you would seem to consider it unlikely that the children will receive any impression from such visits "except that they are having a specially good time". Every child a "cadger". No doubt! But the street-child is quicker to assess experience than the upper-class schoolboy who merely "cadges" tips from uncles and aunts. All I have striven to urge is that he should be guided to assess it rightly. He will reflect on such an event as one of these holiday visits for years to come: and every impression he thus received will permanently affect his ideas in a greater or less degree.

Your correspondent, Mr. A. J. Dawson, diagnoses for me "too much university extensionism", a "bloodless" and "academic" standpoint (disturbing thought!), with kindred ailments. I must own to a "classical" upbringing and to the fact that I once escorted an aunt to a single university-extension lecture. But these peccadillos occurred a while ago. My subsequent way of life has been calculated to adjust such academical bias and to equip me with practical knowledge of the subject I discuss. What chiefly perplexes me about Mr. Dawson's letters is this. I have come to snatch at his published work so often as it appears: for to my poor judgment it has seemed to represent a vivid and sympathetic study of a peculiar and inaccessible people—as seen from within. Yet he now writes to you exactly those plausibilities which one expects from the armchair school of philanthropy. "Who's Who" tells me that Mr. Dawson divides his time between country life and foreign travel. Were I to carp at his opinion of things "Seen in Morocco" he might reasonably suggest that I displayed little knowledge of the inside of the matter; that the hasty judgments of superficial observers, however chivalrously intended—&c. As politely as may be I would apply these same comments to Mr. Dawson's remarks on the London child.

None the less I rejoice with him at every symptom of healthy discontent in the slums; but would like

the poor themselves to profit by it before the publican or the proprietor of the music-hall. And, with him, I applaud all the philanthropic activity of these times. Yet I would have it restrained in such a manner that it may develop as a steady social force rather than decay as a spasmodic newspaper enterprise.

With acknowledgment of your courtesy in making space for my letters. Yours, &c.

EDWARD HOUGHTON.

[We cannot print any more letters on this subject.—
ED. S.R.]

SCHOOL TEACHING ON HYGIENE AND ALCOHOL.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

United Kingdom Band of Hope Union,

59-60 Old Bailey, London, E.C., 2 January, 1905.

SIR,—I was glad to gather from one of the "Notes of the Week" in your last issue that you approve of the memorial presented to Lord Londonderry advising specific teaching in day schools on the subject of hygiene with special relation to the nature and action of alcohol. The only difficulty in this matter lies, in your opinion, in a possible lack of teachers.

I think it may interest your readers to know that very considerable efforts in this direction have been made and are still being made by the above-mentioned Union.

The committee of the Union formulated in 1889 a plan known as the "School Scheme". Under this scheme the sum of ten thousand pounds was subscribed for the purpose of providing lectures in public elementary and other schools during a term of five years. The services of a staff of trained teachers and medical men were retained, all of them men of special scientific attainments and possessed of the faculty of making their lessons interesting to children.

The local Educational Authorities—School Boards and others—heartily welcomed the scheme, with the result that during the quinquennium 13,158 school lectures were delivered to 1,390,956 children. These lectures were abundantly illustrated by means of charts, diagrams, food specimens, chemical experiments and so forth. I have a mass of communications from teachers, school managers, and others bearing testimony to the excellence of this teaching both as regards matter and manner. Ten thousand pounds have been raised each subsequent quinquennial period with constant developments.

Thus the expenditure of £30,000 has secured the delivery of 53,211 school lectures, to 5,826,073 scholars, of whom 2,888,635 produced written reports of the lectures, about one-third of this number being rewarded with certificates or prizes.

The present year is the first of a fourth quinquennium and the committee are very anxious that this most useful work shall go on for at least another five years. May I therefore invite yearly contributions from your readers, such contributions to be limited, if so desired, to five years, and in any case, to cease immediately upon such action on the part of the Government as will render private efforts superfluous.

I am, Sir, yours faithfully,
CHARLES WAKELY, Secretary.

TRANSLATING TOLSTOY.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

Imperial Institute, London, S.W.

SIR,—May I add a few words to the correspondence of Messrs. Aylmer Maude and Max Beerbohm in your issue of the 7th inst.? I write entirely ex parte, but at the same time my knowledge of Russian and Russian life is, I hope, sufficiently accurate to render me a fairly competent judge in this matter. The true verdict with regard to the "Maude" rendering of "The Powers of Darkness" is perhaps that the translators have attempted a sheer impossibility. The idiom and second person singular verbal significance of the Russian peasant language are as untranslatable in English (be it Cockney or other) as the Scotch dialect and

its whims would be transposed into Russian. But I cannot help cordially agreeing with Mr. Max Beerbohm that "the jargon of no place or time" introduced by the translators might have been greatly improved upon. In Tolstoy's characterisation Akim, for example, by no means suggests quite the maundering imbecility presented in the English version. Tolstoy himself is quoted as being eminently satisfied with this piece of reproduction. But is a foreigner really capable of judging our English vernacular? I readily grant that Tolstoy claims, and is acknowledged, to have attained an exalted position as a creative artist, but in his eagerness to illustrate his point of deduction in his argumentative thesis he is apt to sacrifice reality for imagination. Of this we have eloquent examples in "Nehludov" (Resurrection); in the famous pamphlet "What is Art?" and finally in the hyper-savage nature that Tolstoy would ascribe to the Russian peasant in the play we are discussing. Throughout the recent performances of "The Power of Darkness" by the Stage Society, the faulty incongruous language and the discordant mispronunciation of Russian words—Aykón, for instance, and once I even heard samòvar shouted with the accent on the ó—unfortunately did not contribute to smooth over the want of realistic local colour in either costumes or scenery. The men's get-up reminded one somewhat of the pictures of Saxon churls in English history books for the young. Where the ideas for the women's dresses originated it would be hard to surmise, but certainly these were not reminiscent of Russia, and the feminine coiffure was evidently closely modelled upon that of the waitresses at a popular London tea establishment. The portions of the scenery which were not absolutely mythological were wholly suggestive of Teutonic mediævalism. I notice that a Russian play performed in Russian is shortly to be given here. It is to be hoped that its promoters are enrolling the services of a Russian stage manager, who will see to it that the accessories at least convey an air of reality and some conviction that the scene and action were really taking place in Russia.

Yours faithfully,
ALEXANDER KINLOCH.

THE ENCROACHING C.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

107 Thornton Street, Darlington.

11 January, 1905.

SIR,—Now that the tagmaniacs and grammatical solecists have been duly scalped in your columns, will you permit me a small grumble on a point of orthography? I mean the increasingly prevalent substitution of "c" for the penultimate letter in such words as "ecstasy", "apostasy" and the like.

Yours, &c.
R. RYDER.

MISQUOTING BROWNING.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

Steephill Castle, Ventnor, Isle of Wight,
15 January, 1905.

SIR,—Mr. Runciman is incorrect in saying that his curious misquotation from Browning occurs in my lecture on "The Artist's Life". It is strange that Mr. Runciman's musical ear was not offended by the defective metre of the well-known line—as he gave it. Mr. Runciman's opinion of Browning's poetry reconciles me, in a measure, to Mr. Runciman's opinion of my work.

Yours faithfully,
PEARL MARY-TERESA CRAIGIE.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

SIR,—When writing last week I had not noticed that the word "strange" had been substituted for "savage" in the Browning quotation. Whether the fault is mine or the printer's I do not know; but in any case Mrs. Craigie is not to blame for the slip. The rest of the lines I quoted precisely as she gives them.

Yours faithfully,
JOHN F. RUNCIMAN.

REVIEWS.

QUIS REGNABIT?

"Western Europe in the Eighth Century." By E. A. Freeman. London: Macmillan. 1904. 10s. net.

FOR what we have in this volume we must be grateful; but the disappointment is keen when we break off suddenly (in one place at a comma) and leap some twenty years into the future, with all the problems so skilfully posed lying for ever unsolved behind us. It is appalling however to consider what would be the bulk of such a history, on the same scale. It is no reflection on the Professor's conspicuous merits in making the past clear and its heroes live again before our eyes that he had no notion whatever of writing tersely. He wrestles and wrangles untiringly through several pages for a result easily compassed in a single phrase. He lays bare every side of the argument and every working of his own mind; and conscientious though such process be, it frequently obscures the real thread and purpose of the garrulous narrative. But the individuality of the writer stands revealed, his deep sympathies, his strong prejudices; and we ought not perhaps to grudge the time and patience demanded, if at the end of our exhausting labours we get familiar not merely with the eighth century but with the thought and principles, the industry and convictions of a great Englishman, who was never ashamed to hold an opinion firmly and to speak his mind.

Strictly, the title of the book is a misnomer; it is neither the whole of Western Europe nor exclusively the years from 700 to 800 A.D. which engage our attention. More than half is occupied with the change of dynasty among the Franks in the middle of that century; and with a detailed account of the "reign" of Pippin, in precise parlance, his Italian and Papal expeditions and, above all, his Aquitanian campaigns. The valuable notes and appendices on this period occupy another hundred pages; and it will be noticed that we never reach Charles the Great at all. But fifty pages are engrossed by perhaps the most interesting section of the entire volume; the century of Carolingian "fainéants"; the rivalry of Paris (and its real duke) with Laon (and its phantom king); with that gradual sundering of East and West Franks (like the Goths in an earlier age) into "Teutonic Francia" and "Latin Francia", into the two jealous and suspicious nations of our modern age, who watch each other from either bank of the Rhine—that epoch of expiring Carolingian legitimacy when German kingship still subsisted in the West, but as "an interlude and an anachronism" (p. 323).

And just there, perhaps, is the word round which most of the problems and dissensions of the time may be said to cluster like angry bees;—legitimacy. Closer research, a deeper appreciation of the past has shown us the utter futility of the old generalisations, "ages of force" and "ages of faith". The free-thought of the schoolmen was in many ways as daring as the speculations of the Renaissance, as the liberal theology of our own day; and unless by faith we mean unreflecting ignorance, the term is not true even of the great masses of the people. Similarly untrue is the notion that in the early middle ages the sword cut every knot. Indeed, the sword so seldom confined to its scabbard was usually unsheathed in the service of an Idea; and the hand that wielded it derived all its strength from an abstract notion, a spiritual conviction. A great German historian has traced the Crusades to the "profound ennui of the mediæval baron in his finished castle". So did the shallow historians of the eighteenth century see in the Roman Empire the mere work of an ambitious tyrant. For the accomplishment of its purpose the world-spirit employs many agents, many motives; and when their work is done, it casts them aside or buries them in obscurity. But the domination of ideas over the roughest and least abstract of mankind is a patent fact, becoming ever clearer as we get closer to the real men and women of the past.

It would be an exaggeration to say that this age was the "slave of legitimacy"; but it is far nearer to the truth than the current view as a mere battle-field of inconstant

and rudimentary passions. No serious historian would express himself in the sanctimonious words of Hallam (writing of the Merovingians): "The facts of this time are of little importance than as they impress on the mind a thorough notion of the extreme wickedness of almost every person concerned in them. . . . There is no advantage in crowding the memory with barbarian wars and assassinations." The snuffing hypocrisy of the early Victorian age, the self-complacency of a nation which had somehow emancipated the slaves; this attitude is happily a thing of the past. We have instead the strict rules of historical treatment; always distrust personal abuse in judging a character; always distrust a personal motive in judging a line of political development. The "Merwing" kingship died hard because sentiment was strong; the "Karling" kingship died hard nearly two hundred years later for the same reason; the idea of imperial or papal sovereignty has never died at all; and its obscure after-waves still drive us to-day towards a utopia or into a cul de sac. Napoleon I. is Charles once more; William I. is Otto redivivus; Pippin, most Christian king, Eldest Son of the Church, is re-embodied in Napoleon III., supporting a temporal Pope with French bayonets. No doubt here and there analogies fail; but the closer the scrutiny the more abundant and obvious the points of resemblance. Even in the theoretical field of political philosophy we have by no means outgrown the epoch of legal fiction, deliberate imposture, acknowledged anachronism. We are continually using in the public press and on public platforms language which neither speaker nor a single hearer believes to be true. "Who is to be the King? he who has the attributes or the title of royalty?" Such was the question posed at the beginning of our volume to Pope Zachary in the middle of the eighth century; at its close, to Pope Sylvester II. in the last years of the tenth. The intervening space is largely influenced, receives its chief colouring from the conflict of these ideas. The centralised system, the urban communities, the official hierarchy of Rome had been supplanted by the country estate, the rural manor or castle, the hereditary caste, of the Teutonic Franks. Any conception of the State was entirely wanting: personal loyalty, personal devotion was abundant; reverence for law, for public welfare, in a word for abstractions apart from personality, there was none. But in legitimacy human sentiment and elevated principle seemed to meet. The chivalry, the magic of the toast "Gentlemen, the King!" touches our prosaic hearts even to-day, with a hundred diverse and indefinite emotions. And yet, to all outward appearance, kingship is, in direct power, something nearly akin to the "Merwing" sovereignty; when on the fixed days of national assembly the "rex francorum" uttered to his own people and to foreign envoys the carefully tutored words of a "Royal Speech from the Throne". And the strange thing is that neither then nor now is it a conscious farce, a fraud, a travesty of monarchy. "Who is to be the ruler?" concerns us very closely in modern times. The people, as the great body, has shaken its head and will have none of it; it is ready to grumble, or to praise honest service, not to initiate or to give a "mandate". In a prime minister to-day we have something analogous to a Spartan ephor, a Japanese tycoon, a Turkish vizier, a Frankish mayor. Like the latter potentate, his position lies anomalously between a royal chamberlain and a popular spokesman. He is both the servant of the Crown and the nominee of national choice; (nay, some people have been alarmed unduly perhaps by certain symptoms of hereditary succession in this dictatorial office). Now it seems clear, from history, that the acknowledged Sovereign can never be identical with the practical and responsible executive: the supposed autocrat is always at bottom a "roi fainéant". Once invest with absolute prerogative an individual, a cabinet, still more absurdly, the mass of the people (who in the very nature of things cannot find a common voice), and your difficulties, far from being happily solved, are only just beginning; you have to discover someone to do the work, either the monotonous but indispensable routine of humdrum days, or the hasty and instantaneous verdict in a critical moment. For this, your ultimate

centre of affairs, the pivot of the whole, whether sovereign man or sovereign mass, is utterly unsuited. Such an irresponsible and sacrosanct repository lies above the petty detail of administration, cannot be put to the dangerous hazard of this rapid decision. Politics is very largely the adjustment of titular sovereignty to a workaday world; with ordinary business to be done, with important points to be settled in a hurry now and again, for which someone in the last resort has to bear the blame. Autocracy always implies delegation; and no one is ever an autocrat except indirectly. If this is avowed and recognised—if the Tsar is almighty, the Will of the People almighty, the House of Commons almighty—we may be certain this is a decent phrase to bury a power once perhaps a reality, but now obsolete. We laugh and are puzzled at the long survival of "Meroving" or "Karling" monarchy long after the loss of all genuine authority apart from an indefinable prestige; but the whole edifice of British society, political security, imperial expansion, rests upon a very similar compromise between the ruler, who "can do no wrong" (because he or it never does anything!) and the Viceroy who interprets at his own risk what he conceives to be the will of this tremendous but silent and inscrutable sovereign. Dr. Freeman expresses one side of this strange but uniform feature of political practice thus: "There was a natural tendency in the several parts, not to cast aside the common allegiance, but each gradually to set up for itself; and by a gentle process, without revolt or resistance, to cut down the central authority to the smallest amount of practical power".

We must not expect from this volume of stray sheets of lectures, sometimes breathlessly expiring in the middle of a sentence, which promised to contain the gist of the whole—anything like a final and coherent account of the evolution of the Major Domus. Such ultimate portraiture of one of the most fascinating figures in mediæval history has yet to be put into English dress; but we may say without fear of contradiction that Dr. Freeman is on the right track. It is a mere case (familiar enough surely) of an old servant becoming too strong for his master. His championship of the nobles, of feudalism against the "Crown", of partial rights and immunities against the conception of the State, one and indivisible, is a mere incident, a quite temporary episode. Once in power the nominee of the antinomian aristocracy becomes as devoted to the cause of centralisation as the titular sovereign should have been; while despising or incarcerating the poor puppet-king, he is the devoted and loyal servant of the "Crown".

THE LIFE OF BURNE-JONES.

"Memorials of Edward Burne-Jones." By G. B.-J. 2 vols. London: Macmillan. 1904. 30s. net.

THE life of Burne-Jones was fortunate in many respects beyond that of most artists. His course, it is true, was not clear from the first, and his launch into painting was delayed in spite of the ardent and wistful imagination and the appetite for production that were his from the beginning. He was born in circumstances narrow in every way. He was the son of a Birmingham picture-frame maker in a small way of business, and the chances of his imagination finding a career must seem small when we consider his early surroundings. Moreover he was physically not robust, with nerves easily exhausted, and had none of the domineering character or initiative force likely to carve a way for him. But his good fortune saved him exactly at the critical points when it was needed. It is improbable that if the desire to be an artist had been clear in his boyhood he would have taken his way so readily; as it was, the illusion of a vocation for Holy Orders sufficed to take him to Oxford, where he found a life-long friend and comrade of ideas in William Morris. The meeting doubled, for life, his conviction and confidence, and the decision to give up Orders for art was taken by the two at the same moment. They found their way to Rossetti's art and to his friendship, and Burne-Jones' imagination took fresh

courage and had a definite example. Then, when the problem of living by art had to be solved, on one side Morris' initiative and business capacity came to the rescue, providing a steady, if modestly paid, employment in the designing of stained glass. It is not always realised how large and constant a part of Burne-Jones' activity this was. But a glance at the list of designs year by year given in Mr. Malcolm Bell's book makes this clear, and brings out the surprising quantity of work that exists scattered among the churches of the country. On the other side came the first of a line of generous and considerate patrons, Mr. Plint, to be succeeded later by others, like Mr. Graham and Mr. Leyland, men who made it possible to undertake and carry forward pictures without undue pressure. And with these must be named Ruskin, an inspirer and helper in every way. Later still, when the time had come for a bigger world of admirers to join in, the most delightful picture-gallery ever built in London, the Grosvenor, was practically devoted to the work of the recluse, and when difficulties sprang up there, the New Gallery rose to continue the exhibition. And not least of all these good fortunes was the early and improvident marriage and the home life that followed, revealed in this book. Last of all, the book itself.

Some of the reviewers of Lady Burne-Jones' "Life" have argued that these volumes go to disprove the general experience about biographies written by wives or kin, and create a precedent. It is rather important that there should be no delusion about the matter, otherwise we shall have a great many well-meant and affectionate, but ineffectual or obstructive books. We need not go very far to see how the nearest of kin may labour at such a record, and all the time remain at an unbridgeable distance. In some of these family records we hear the voice of the critic on the hearth, not a bit the nearer to his subject for being there; in others the puzzled writer clutches the press-cutting agent by the hand and begs his help. The success of the present *Life* is due to quite rare gifts of imaginative understanding and expression. Intimate material is handled so that the story is made close and vivid throughout, and humour, as well as affection, is a part of its tact. There are no tedious and superfluous letters; the letters in which Burne-Jones' double literary gift of poetry and whimsical familiar fun found expression are drawn upon just as they are needed to fill in the thread, and also the memories of friends who appear to have trained themselves to preserve sayings and dialogues. It is probable that the author more or less consciously took the "Præterita" of Ruskin for a model; for the people, simple or important, that made the youth of the artist, are reconstituted with the mingled frankness and tenderness of that record, and the whole picture, with a concealed but always present art, is so built up that we see not only the figures and events, but the spirit that was in the midst of them, the wonderful fire burning. It is life as those who have taken part in a story remember it, but how seldom is it thus set down so that outsiders can divine it.

It is not only Burne-Jones who comes vividly before us on these pages. Morris, Ruskin, Rossetti, share in the evocation. Burne-Jones, it seems, had some idea of himself doing justice to Rossetti in an image "all of gold". This book will help by its reflected lights to piece out the image that has not yet been shaped in the many attempts that have been made. It proves the imaginative force of the man that he could set the fire aglow in a second generation, when his first company had gone its ways. All these figures, as well as the central figure of the book, are exhibited in the interaction of their ideas and tempers: there is no attempting of an outside estimate, no art-criticism except as it comes from their own lips. The sayings, many of them, it is tempting to quote, but we prefer to send readers to the book, which is one to buy and to keep for re-reading.

Two events of a vexatious kind drew the painter out of his life of undisturbed production and these are dealt with among the rest. The story of his relations with the Academy is told in some detail, and it is clear that he was induced to allow himself to be elected by

the friendly insistence of Leighton against his own forebodings. The step was a false one and had to be retrieved later. Another false step was his appearance in the witness-box at the Whistler trial. Here again it was doubtless the obligation of friendship for Ruskin that induced him to come forward and declare his want of appreciation. This was a more serious mistake that could not be retrieved and had mischievous consequences. But the discussion of events like these is apt to occupy far too much space in the lives of artists, just because of the element of dispute and scandal in them. It is the misfortune of many artists that in the record of their lives little else survives. The legend of the cold or ill-natured observer is the only one. For Burne-Jones it has been secured that the home-legend, his own legend about his life and aims and that of his friends and kin, will survive in an admirable book. A word of praise should be added for the interesting photographs of the persons of the story; the other illustrations include a strangely charming dream of the "Muses on Mount Helicon", a number of delightful caricatures by Burne-Jones, and a divine drawing of Miss Siddall by Rossetti.

THE FATHER OF GERMAN TARIFFS.

"The National System of Political Economy." By Friedrich List. Translated by Sampson S. Lloyd. Introduction by J. Shield Nicholson. London: Longmans. 1904. 6s. net.

THIS is a new edition in English of one of the most famous books in the literature of economics; and it could not be re-presented to readers in this country at a more suitable time than the present. List was the adviser of the association of German merchants which ultimately became the Zollverein and thus laid the commercial foundations whereof the German Empire was the superstructure. In the fifties of last century, after being exiled from his own country, he went to the United States; and there also became the associate and mouthpiece of the party which was in favour of protective tariffs. Here as in Germany the commercial enemy was Great Britain, who was then "dumping" her manufactures into all the countries of the world, and giving them an object lesson in Adam Smith's teaching that protection of infant industries must be allowed as at least one excusable exception to his doctrine of free trade. List is as much the leader of the reaction against free trade as Adam Smith was its philosophic founder; and there are to-day more nations influenced by the reaction than by the original system. It was quite the contrary of this when List began his agitation in Germany against what he called the cosmopolitical economy of Adam Smith. He says that there was nothing but contempt for those who ventured to teach anything contrary to the doctrine of free trade; and the official and professional and literary classes were obstinate in refusing to listen to criticism upon it. This is an interesting parallel to the state of opinion amongst the similar classes in England when the fiscal controversy began which cannot fail to attract the attention of English readers.

Doubtless a great book is rather a landmark in the history of an idea than the originator of the idea itself. If List had never written, the practical people in Germany, whose thoughts he made conscious to them, would have found expression for their thoughts in some other way and reaction against free trade would have come. But it was List who led the theoretical and literary movement which has given the authority of systematic economics to protection in Germany, the United States, France and England. He was the father of the German and United States school of protectionist writers who are dominant there and who have produced such a change of attitude amongst our own professors at home. They have learned to "hedge" on the question of free trade; and there is not a book on economics published of recent years, Professor Sidgwick's or Professor Nicholson's or Pierson's, the late Dutch Premier's, which represents free trade as it was represented by Ricardo, or McCulloch senior, or Mill, or popularly by

Cobden and Bright and their political school. As Professor Nicholson writes an introduction to this translation, it may be allowed to an old pupil of his to say that it was after reading his recent "Elements of Political Economy" that he first understood how greatly changed professorial opinion on free trade had become since the days when he listened to Professor Nicholson's lectures. We do not think that Professor Nicholson's predecessor in his chair would have contemplated for a moment writing such a tolerant and appreciative introduction to List's book. Twenty years ago when this translation was published here Mr. Lloyd remarked that such ideas as those of List on protectionist policy had hitherto been only partially and inadequately formulated by English writers. This was stating the fact very mildly. Since then, as Professor Nicholson points out, the main argument of List has been developed in theory by Henry Sidgwick to show that ultimately the world at large might gain by the temporary protection of the constituent nations. List's theory was that a nation must develop its manufactures if it is to make the best use of its agriculture, and that it can never become great so long as it has not established its productive power in all branches of industrial activity; and that it must do so by protection. Professor Nicholson adds "And on the practical side it is this argument which is most popular in the British colonies. The colonies are protectionist, because they wish to become complex industrial nations; and though it is the manufacturers who gain in the first place by protection, it is claimed that agriculture must also gain indirectly by the encouragement to various bye-products".

It must not be supposed from what we have said that Professor Nicholson either approves List's rendering of Adam Smith's own teaching: or that he believes List's doctrines furnish specific arguments for the adoption of protection for British industries at their present point of development. As the chief exponent of Adam Smith's teaching in this country Professor Nicholson remarks that List would almost appear not to have read Adam Smith at first hand, but to have gone to his extreme followers who omitted some of his qualifying doctrines on the theory of free trade. And it does seem that the foundation of List's teaching was precisely some of these neglected doctrines. A reader may learn, as List did, protection from Adam Smith; and in List's own writings there are qualifications on the theory of protection as notable as those in Adam Smith on the theory of free trade. The practical inference seems plain that neither theory should be pushed to extremes; and that a nation should be in economics as the individual is in matters of private conduct more or less eclectic as circumstances seem to dictate to him. This is precisely Mr. Chamberlain's position.

Moreover it must be noticed that List was a protectionist for an avowed definite object. He believed that neither Germany nor any other nation could at that time compete with England so as to establish its own industry without the aid of protection. As a preliminary England's manufacturing supremacy had to be broken down and other nations admitted into the charmed circle which she then monopolised. After that was accomplished the reign of "cosmopolitical" economy, which he understood Adam Smith's to be, might begin. Until then the true political economy for the nations must be national, not cosmopolitical. Can it be denied that Germany by following List's teaching has to a great extent accomplished the objects at which he aimed? The position of England relative to all the nations has changed; and List's ideal has been largely attained. But we may well ask where are the signs of the approach of that wisdom which List believed would lie in the adoption of free trade? Professor Nicholson raises an interesting point. In effect it is why should we adopt List's procedure adapted for infant industries when ours so far as they are weak are not so with infantile but senile years? If Professor Nicholson were seriously arguing the case he would not do so on a metaphor, nor allow his opponent the luxury of such a fallacy. It is sufficient to say that after all very often the same method of protecting the infant from harm is equally good for protecting the veteran. The policeman leads the old man across the street just as he leads the child.

AUBREY DE VERE.

"Aubrey de Vere. A Memoir." By Wilfrid Ward.
London: Longmans. 1904. 14s. net.

FOR many worthy persons whose lives are chronicled from teething to dotage a short biography after the model of those in Burgon's "Twelve Good Men" should have sufficed. Biographers, again, are frequently novices in literature, with the result that their labours are both prolix and amateurish. Mr. Ward, however, is a practised man of letters, and Aubrey de Vere, without being an immortal, was so interesting a figure, both personally and as a poet, that we should have been sorry had this handsome volume, based on de Vere's unpublished diaries and correspondence, been diminished by a single page.

Though born a Hunt—his father, son of Sir Vere Hunt of Curragh, taking the name de Vere on succeeding to the baronetcy—he came of the old "fighting Veres" who lie in the Abbey, and his character had a good deal of the fastidious, patrician spirit—a little disdainful of "the self-made man who never forgets his maker", but courteous and knightly to all. Aubrey was born 10 January, 1814, the anniversary of Laud's martyrdom. But himself a Trinity, Dublin, man he always stood a little detached from Laudianism and the Anglo-Catholic movement, learning in the school of Burke, Coleridge and Maurice as well as in that of Keble, Newman and Pusey, whom he thought reactionary. If Liberalism led to infidelity, the Tracts, he thought, pointed logically to Rome. Rome appeared to him a giant sect singularly uniting the sectarian spirit with the institutions of a church. But as he more and more shrank back from the modern ethos and hated the triumphs of the *Zeitgeist*, against which the Church of England proved a disappointingly weak antagonist, the massive and historically imposing system of the Roman communion laid a compelling hold upon his imagination, and, like his friend and fellow-poet, Coventry Patmore, he submitted to its claim. Carlyle, hearing what was coming, rode over to see him and broke forth:—"I give you a warning. You were born free. Do not put yourself into that prison." De Vere retorted that he had often heard Carlyle say that Roman Catholicism, much as he disliked it, was the only form of Christianity that had any coherency, solidity or power about it. "That is true", Carlyle replied; "but for all that Protestantism has its face turned in the right direction". This de Vere interpreted to mean the direction of rationalism. He deplored the use made by Carlyle of Thor's hammer to demolish the small fragments left of reverence and truth. Even his love of veracity was platonic, for he did not care what mountains or seas parted him from the object of his affections. Carlyle would run down the most sacred truths at hazard, not troubling to know anything about them, but just to round a phrase. His love of justice had the opposite fault, and in its irreverence resembled the love of a wood-god for a fair and fleeting nymph. "The sword of the Lord and of Cromwell, wielded by an unwashed and unsparing hand, is to cut every knot, civil or ecclesiastical, which Scotch intelligence is insufficient to disentangle." Were Carlyle a Catholic Christian, to what a height might not spiritual elevation rise, built upon a basis so strong as his moral sincerity and probity?

This book contains many bits of piquant portraiture of the great writers of that big Williamite and early-Victorian time. We are shown Wordsworth, in borrowed court-dress and sword, rhapsodising about Coleridge's "celestial forehead and eyes". Scott's poetry he spoke of with contempt; Landor was mad; Sydney Smith a miserable old man. De Vere dragged Tennyson off, murmuring sore, to call on the veteran poet. Afterwards they dined together, and Tennyson was pleased and amused by Wordsworth taking him by the arm and saying, "Come, brother bard, to dinner", pleased also by his kindness and simplicity. De Vere describes Wordsworth in Ambleside church standing with head leaning against the corner, whenever the Psalms or Canticles were read, as if overpowered or ashamed. He loved and revered the old man; but, while noting the extraordinary purity and perfection of his spoken sentences, the sign of an exquisite balance of mind, de Vere describes his talk

as never ceasing from sunrise to night-time, and as being, for quality, "a sort of thinking aloud, a perpetual purring of satisfaction; he murmurs like a tree in the breeze, as softly and incessantly; it seems as natural to him to talk as to breathe; he is by nature audible as well as visible, and goes on thus uttering his being just as a fountain continues to flow or a star to shine".

There are many happy criticisms in this book. The discrepancies, for instance, between the mind of the Church and the mind of Science are ascribed to their very partial disclosure of their treasures. "Each extends a hand stored with truths, but each chooses to lift but a finger at a time"; hence truth is not seen in its wholeness and unity. Rogers in his old age is described as animated but somewhat profane. Fusty Christopher as lecturing with pompous energy. Macaulay as not ill-conditioned, but as one of a clique of inordinate talkers, "overbearing, loud and discourteous". At a dinner where de Vere met Macaulay, Whewell, Hallam and Milman, "I was on the watch to see which would put the others down, as some great stag in our park puts down the rest". He talks of the "unfeminine" strides of Elizabeth Barrett's muse, of Dr. Pusey's long, sweet, solemn discourses, like the reveries of a saint in tribulation, of Tennyson's hypochondriacal railings at the universe and his willingness to barter his own facile powers for the fame of Suckling or Lovelace. Tennyson sat up with de Vere till one in the morning, crooning out his splendid lines, or reading him the manuscript of "In Memoriam" till his voice died away and the tears rolled down his face. De Vere told him he should give up his bachelor ways and his Cambridge heterodoxies of faith, "which he took well". He records his first meeting with Newman at Oxford in 1838—"very dignified, very ascetical, and so very humble and gentle in manner that it would almost have the air with which Jesuits are reproached, if it were not accompanied by an equally remarkable simplicity". Sixty years after he told Mr. Gosse—"My impression was of a high-bred young monk of the Middle Ages, whose asceticism cannot quite conceal his distinguished elegance". Similarly, when seeking a fellow-lodger in Rome, the door being opened by young Herbert Vaughan, he stood transfixed by the beauty of his face, saying to himself—"Good heavens! if you are like that, what must your sister be?" De Vere himself was always conspicuous for his air of aristocratic distinction and elegance. There was a dreamy mysticism about him. But in the Irish famine the poet amazed his friends by his practical energy. He passionately sympathised with the peasants in their patient misery, and as bitterly resented the unprincipled politics of English statesmen coupled with the popularity-hunting of the Irish prelates and the incompetent selfishness of the Irish nobility, by which a Catholic country which might have been the *La Vendée* of the empire was being given over to Jacobinism. The vast funds which should have formed a concurrent endowment for the churches Gladstone was driven to secularise by the necessity of pleasing English Radicals and Dissenters. But Gladstone's acts were ever as surprising as the knight's moves at chess. His mind, de Vere remarked, was imperious but his convictions ductile. "He seems to me to be singularly destitute of that insight into principle which belongs to high genius." De Vere did not question Gladstone's conscientiousness. Yet he has a pregnant phrase about purity in politics being necessarily a working not a vestal purity. But then de Vere's friends called him the Orb, saying that his feet alone touched earth, the rest of him being already in heaven.

SWIMMING AND NATURE.

"Swimming." By Ralph Thomas. London: Sampson Low. 1904. 10s. 6d. net.

THE title at first intended for this book was "The Literature of Swimming". It is indeed a most extensive bibliography. But it is more than that, for whenever the writer counsels or criticises, whenever he relates a story, or assails a superstition concerning matters natatorial, we feel he speaks from personal

experience or knows right well what he is talking of. There are also more than a hundred illustrations, ranging from drawings taken from Assyrian sculptures to sketches of the graceful swimming girl of to-day. Mr. Thomas appears puzzled at the number of fishes which are represented as always following the Mussuk-swimming soldiery; we are inclined to think that they were put in by the sculptor to indicate that water was intended; primitive art needed all the help obtainable, for walls and roads and rivers were made to look so very much alike!

Unfortunately the book can scarcely be said to be well put together; there is much excellent material scattered about and hidden in the volume, but the author has seen fit to complicate and overcrowd his pages by a long and somewhat rambling commentary upon innumerable books on swimming, and even various editions of them, that have from time to time appeared in England and other countries. The majority of these works are of no particular interest, and should have been briefly tabulated in a list. There would then have been more space for some interesting problems. Thus the question whether certain animals have, or have not, the common swimming instinct would not have been dismissed in seven lines! Eleven creatures are here classed as non-swimmers or doubtful, but of these the ant does not sink but struggles on the surface, nor do fowls always sink, for once, when a fowl had flown overboard, the unfortunate bird lay drifting on the ocean and floated there as long as it was visible. The tradition that pigs cut their throats when swimming has been alluded to by Coleridge in his "Devil's Thoughts", but if it is true, it might well apply only to pigs as man's selection has contrived to make them; the long-limbed wild swine, grubbing roots and nuts, would cleave the water very differently.

And something more might have been said on man's capacity for seeing under water. The author does indeed refer to the employment of subaqueous spectacles, but he should have included Dr. Dudgeon's essay on the human eye, in which he deals with all the difficulties induced by water's power of refraction. Although a person swimming beneath the surface in daylight—at dusk all things beneath the ripples are plunged in inky and impenetrable darkness—sees well enough for all practical purposes, yet the outlook, even in the purest mountain pool, is rather as through crystal, or through a piece of thin and flawless ice. It was to counteract the ray-deflecting qualities of water that spectacles for diving were employed; with them small print became easily legible. But while modern science is striving at length to see its way beneath the waves in submarines, by the new Pino salvage apparatus, and by the aid of the electric lamp, marvellous organs were evolved for the purpose in nature, before the nations of mankind were known. The gobies or mud-basking fishes of the tropics (*Periophthalmus*) have large, retractile, goggle eyes which are adapted for both elements. Still more amazing are the Double-Eyes (*Anableps*) off the Brazilian coast, which swim along the surface of the ocean. In these the upper half of the eye is shaped to see in air, the lower half looks down into the deep.

Turning to swimming as a human art, the chapter on costume is very well done. Mr. Thomas notices the undoubted fact that, until only a few years ago, English swimmers wore no kind of clothing, except when bathing in exposed and absolutely public places. Then came the new fashion for concealment; it may perhaps have crept in from the Continent, and it may also have been stimulated by week-end crowds and villas multiplied. But to the water-lover and the sociologist the movement has considerable significance, and, in some ways, the sign is not a healthy one. We have by no means reached the end of the much-clothing craze; it will be noticed that the shoulder-covering dress is getting common even in enclosed baths. Two months ago we saw a little boy clad in little trousers reaching below his knees; and in a recent number of the "Graphic" appeared a drawing of a sort of man who, capering in the longest trousers, bathed in a tightly fitting rubber cap! Abroad, and more especially in the United States, no monstrous disfigurement that can by any means be flaunted on land

seems too grotesque for women in the water. Hats, shoes, even stockings, are worn at those mixed picnics for what some call bathing. In these days when we hear so much of the benefits derived from the action of light and air upon the skin, lovers of sea and river may well regret the increasing prevalence of enclosed baths and of cold clammy clothing. This outbreak of prurient prudery has spread far and wide. It has reached, as the author tells us, the Hawaiian divers. And it is said that the Pacific Islanders have suffered something worse than inconvenience, for the tropical rain, which used to fall harmless on quickly drying limbs, soon set up rheumatism and all kinds of trouble, when it was let to soak through cloth and cotton. Different but equally unhealthy results have followed where the Northern Eskimo have been induced to remain clothed in their huts. Though dressed from head to feet in leather and fur against the snow-drift and the piercing winds, once they were in their oven-like caves where all is shut, they lived as unclad as the Africans. No one familiar with the history of savages or versed in Oriental or in Chinese etiquette needs to be told that an exaggerated rule of personal covering by no means indicates high morality, but really rather the reverse. We shall next be told to put on clothes before getting into our baths at home, for fear of seeing our own bodies. One thinks of the horror of the French aunt at Elizabeth (of the Visits) taking her bath (although the door *was* locked) "toute nue".

NOVELS.

"The Marrying of Sarah Garland." By Emily Pearson Finnemore. London: Hurst and Blackett. 1904. 6s.

Sarah Garland is a young woman with plenty of means and in the dramatic "prologue" we see her engaged to a man whom she does not really love, John Bennington, and we then see that man sentenced to five years' penal servitude for his participation in "some shady money transactions". Miss Garland goes off to live in an out-of-the-way Welsh village and there she falls deeply in love with the Vicar, and the Vicar falls deeply in love with her; she considers herself still bound to Bennington and when he is let out of prison on ticket-of-leave she lets him know that she considers herself bound unless he will voluntarily release her. His marriage with her is Bennington's only chance of rehabilitation in the eyes of the world, and many better men than he would not have been able when the decision was left to them to have come to any other conclusion. Knowing that Sarah did not love him, knowing that she did love Henry Ackworth, he yet held her to her engagement. Of course the conventional accident in the hunting field duly makes Sarah a widow and at the end she is able to remind Henry that "love has no farewells". We have read many stories worse than Mrs. Finnemore's, and many better.

"Fortune's Castaway." By W. J. Eccott. Edinburgh: Blackwood. 1904. 6s.

"Now it chanced that Lord Wentworth and Squire Malet . . . had agreed at last to fight, since countless lawsuits had left them no whit nearer to the end of their

(Continued on page 88.)

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dispute." We suppose that it is absolutely necessary that "historical romance" should be written in this style. Otherwise, we might not know it was "historical romance" and might fall into the terrible error of thinking we were reading a tale of modern times. Mr. Eccott, assuredly, has studied his models to good purpose and he introduces a plentiful supply of good old stock phrases and hackneyed expressions. All the same he is an excellent story-teller and "Fortune's Castaway" has an exciting plot and many adventures. It will appeal to readers who like a little history with plenty of romance.

"Dear Fatherland." By ex-Lieutenant Bilse. London: John Lane. 1905. 6s.

Though from a literary point of view this book is in advance of its predecessor, "Life in a Garrison Town", it is of the "shilling shocker" style, and abounds with murder, suicide and sudden death. Indeed by the end of it most of the leading characters have succumbed to violent ends. In the desire to be realistic, the author at times becomes merely vulgar and coarse, a much greater artist than he being required for such a rôle. If the picture given of life in the German army were one which applied generally, we should indeed say that this institution was in a bad way. But we cannot for a moment believe that it does so, though of course there are some undesirable officers and some undesirable things such as happen in every army.

"Heart of My Heart." By Ellis Meredith. London: Methuen. 1904. 6s.

There is a certain wistful charm about the writing of this book which makes one almost forgive the abundance of platitudes and hackneyed sentiment which it contains. "We prate wisely of Nature and her processes", writes the author, "but what, after all, do we know of the mystery of life?" Such is the style of profound reflection in which the author seems to revel. "Heart of My Heart" is the story of the thoughts, sensations and feelings of a woman (an American woman we suspect) during the waiting period before she is to become a mother. There is a great deal that is tawdry and distasteful in the book and many of the morbid aspects of motherhood are dwelt upon in a manner which seems somewhat unnecessary. But the book is in some measure redeemed by its obvious sincerity.

NEW BOOKS AND REPRINTS.

"The Unveiling of Lhasa." By Edmund Candler. London: Arnold. 1905. 15s. net.

Much of the matter which appears in this record of the Tibet expedition and many of the illustrations will already be familiar to readers of the "circulation five times" that of "any London penny paper" and to those whose chief knowledge of affairs is derived from the illustrated weeklies. Mr. Candler has however not been content to send his journalist efforts forth without careful revision, amendment and addition, the result being an admirable description not only of the campaign but of the countries and people concerned. He resents the suggestion that the Mission was a picnic. Both at home and in India the idea exists, he says, of an encampment in a smiling valley and of easy marches towards the mysterious city. "In reality there was plenty of hard and uninteresting work. The expedition was attended with all the discomforts of a campaign, and very little of the excitement." It was indeed anything but a picnic at times, however unequally matched the opposing forces may have been. But there was a good deal that was picturesque about it. Mr. Candler waxes enthusiastic over the profusion of flowers which he found in the Chumbi valley. He counted eight different kinds of primula and he was especially struck with the irony that so seductive a valley should be the approach to the barest and most unsheltered country in Asia. Concerning the expedition he has nothing new to say, but he gives a very clear idea why it was necessary and he concludes with a warning: the Tibetans must be made to understand that British displeasure means fresh chastisement. If they are allowed to break any one of their engagements the cost and labour of Colonel Young-husband's Mission will have been thrown away.

Messrs. Routledge are reissuing in a cheap form "The Muses Library", one of the reprints of English classics which so greatly pleased the booklover a few years ago. Originally these books were edited with much care and produced with nice taste. The type was rather small but clear. Practically

this reissue is identical in all save paper and binding. Each volume is now published at 1s. net, a great reduction of course in price. If the market is not overstocked with reprints, this series should become decidedly popular. We have received eighteen volumes of the series, including Donne, Marvell, Vaughan the Silurist, Carew, Drummond, Gay, Keats, Waller, and Browne, edited respectively by E. K. Chambers, G. A. Aitken, E. K. Chambers, Arthur Vincent, William C. Ward, John Underhill, G. Thorn Drury, and Gordon Goodwin. Some of the volumes also contain special introductions, for instance Mr. Bridges writes on Keats and Mr. A. H. Bullen on Browne. These two names alone give a good idea of the high excellence of the series from the point of view of scholarship and literary distinction. Mr. Bullen can write on William Browne almost as well as he could write on Thomas Browne.

We have also received from Messrs. Routledge three volumes of "Poets and Poetry of the XIX. Century"—"Robert Southey to Percy Bysshe Shelley", "Crabbe to Coleridge", "Keats to Lytton". (1s. 6d. net each.) Mr. Alfred H. Miles edits and helps in the work of introducing. We notice among the introductions and biographical notes a pleasing appreciation of John Clare. "In the 'Asylum Poems'", Mr. Roden Noel writes, "he attains to the true lyric... with a wild artless melody, recalling Blake". And Mr. Noel goes on to quote two or three very choice lines of Clare. We have an idea that it was Clare who wrote a beautiful sonnet on the song-thrush's nest, but it is not in this selection and we have not been able to find it in several editions of Clare's poems examined within recent years. Perhaps Mr. Noel could say where it is to be found, if Clare wrote it.

"Hazell's Annual" (3s. 6d.) and "Whitaker's Almanack" (2s. 6d.) have such a distinct place on the reference bookshelf and are revised usually with so much care that nothing more need be said of either than that the 1905 edition is in every respect up to the level of its predecessors. "Hazell's" alphabetical arrangement appeals to some people more than "Whitaker's", but both should be at hand because the information given by one so frequently supplements that given by the other. "Dod's Peerage" (10s. 6d.) and "Whitaker's Peerage" (2s. 6d.) introduce no special features, but merely make the necessary additions to or changes in the peerage, baronetage and knightage. "Dod's" as a reference book is an old favourite; but there is really very little to choose between "Dod" and "Whitaker". Both seem to have been very carefully revised, though they appeared so much in advance of 1905 that changes which occurred even in the early part of the last month of 1904 are unnoted.

"The Mining Year Book", 1905, is a record of the year's mining developments not only from the financial but the engineering point of view. "Mathieson's Handbook for Investors" for 1905 (2s. 6d. net) is described as a pocket record of Stock Exchange prices and dividends for ten years past: the movements in the values of stocks and shares in that period would make an interesting study apart altogether from considerations of personal gain or loss.

"Clubs 1905" (3s. 6d.) is Mr. E. C. Austen Leigh's carefully compiled annual of English Clubs throughout the world. It is published by Messrs. Spottiswoode & Co.

Revue des Deux Mondes. 15 Janvier. 3fr.

Pierre Loti continues his study of modern Japan and adduces further evidence of the fact that in spite of the veneer of Western civilisation its people are still far from friendly at heart to the Occident. M. Jules Roche examines the case of the income-tax in various countries and after a careful review of the facts he comes to the conclusion that where it exists it is based on a state of society entirely different from that of France; in fact a general tax on incomes does not exist in England and has ceased to exist in America. He concludes that no argument for applying it to France is to be drawn from the example of other nations. Napoleonic literature is shortly to be increased by the publication of the memoirs of the Comte de Rambuteau, who became closely attached to Napoleon's person shortly after the battle of Wagram. What he has to relate appears to be largely in the nature of personal gossip, but occasional records of the great man's conversation are full of instruction. Rambuteau was the son-in-law of Narbonne, one of the scions of the old nobility whom Napoleon induced to enter his service. Narbonne was a person of great tact. The original cause of his choice by the Emperor for the position of aide-de-camp was his adroitness in handing him a note on his hat after the fashion of the old régime. This incident is not recorded here but there is an anecdote which illustrates his quality. Napoleon said to him on one occasion, speaking of Narbonne's mother the Duchess, "Elle ne m'aime point, n'est-ce pas?" Mon beau-père avait la répartie heureuse. "Non, Sire," répondit-il, "elle n'en est encore qu'à l'admiration!" Napoleon was sickened by the coarse flattery that surrounded him. "Pour n'être pas flatté" he said "même en bivouac, il m'a fallu prendre comme aide-de-camp un courtisan homme d'esprit de la vieille cour".

For this Week's Books see page 90.



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In the case of a partial allotment, the balance of deposit will, so far as may be necessary, be applied towards the next instalment.

In the event of the balance not being duly paid, the relative allotment with the deposit and instalments paid thereon is liable to forfeiture.

Copies of the Powers under which the present Loan is issued and other documents relating thereto can be seen at the Standard Bank of South Africa, Limited, London.

Prospectuses and forms of application may be obtained from the Standard Bank of South Africa, Limited, London, also from

Messrs. WHITEHEADS & COLES, 29 Throgmorton Street, E.C.;

" HOLLIBONE BROTHERS & TRENCHE, 18 Birch Lane, E.C.;

" MILLIN & ROBINSON, 2 Austin Friars, E.C.

The Standard Bank of South Africa, Limited,

20 Clements Lane, Lombard Street, London, E.C.

20th January, 1905.

ROBINSON GOLD MINING CO., LIMITED.

Dividend No. 25.

DIVIDEND ON SHARES TO BEARER.—Holders of Share Warrants to Bearer are informed that they will receive payment, on or after Saturday, 4th February, 1905, of Dividend No. 25 (5 per cent., i.e. 8s. per share), after surrender of Coupon No. 20, at the London Office, No. 1 London Wall Buildings, E.C.

Coupons belonging to holders resident in the United Kingdom will be subject to deduction of English Income Tax at the rate of 1s. in the £.

Coupons must be left Four clear days for examination, and may be lodged any day (Saturdays excepted) between the hours of 11 and 2.

Listing Forms may be had on application.

By order,

ANDREW MOIR, London Secretary.

London Office: No. 1 London Wall Buildings, E.C.,
19th January, 1905.

ROSE DEEP, LIMITED.

Dividend No. 7.

DIVIDEND ON SHARES TO BEARER.—Holders of Share Warrants to Bearer are informed that they will receive payment on or after Saturday, 4th February, 1905, of Dividend No. 7 (15 per cent., i.e. 3s. per share), after Surrender of Coupon No. 7, either at the London Office of the Company, No. 1 London Wall Buildings, E.C., or at the Compagnie Française de Mines d'Or et de l'Afrique du Sud, 20 Rue Taibout, Paris.

All Coupons presented at the latter address, as well as any presented at the London Office for account of holders resident in France, will be subject to a deduction of 1s. in the £, on account of French Transfer Duty and French Income Tax.

Coupons belonging to holders resident in the United Kingdom will be subject to a deduction by the London Office of English Income Tax at the rate of 1s. in the £.

Coupons must be left Four clear days for examination at either of the Offices mentioned above, and may be lodged any day (Saturdays excepted) between the hours of 11 and 2.

Listing Forms may be had on application.

By order of the Board,

ANDREW MOIR, London Secretary.

London Office: No. 1 London Wall Buildings, E.C.,
19th January, 1905.

BONANZA, LIMITED.

Dividend No. 12.

DIVIDEND ON SHARES TO BEARER.—Holders of Share Warrants to Bearer are informed that they will receive payment, on or after Saturday, February 4, 1905, of Dividend No. 12 (5 per cent., i.e. 7s. per share), after surrender of Coupon No. 12, at the London Office, No. 1 London Wall Buildings, E.C., or at the Head Office, at Johannesburg.

Coupons belonging to holders resident in the United Kingdom will be subject to deduction of English Income Tax at the rate of 1s. in the £.

Coupons must be left Four clear days for examination, and may be lodged any day (Saturdays excepted) between the hours of Eleven and Two.

Listing Forms may be had on application.

By Order,

ANDREW MOIR, London Secretary.

London Office: No. 1 London Wall Buildings, E.C.,
19th January, 1905.

CROWN DEEP, LIMITED.

Dividend No. 7.

DIVIDEND ON SHARES TO BEARER.—Holders of Share Warrants to Bearer are informed that they will receive payment, on or after Saturday, 4th February, 1905, of Dividend No. 7 (50 per cent., i.e. 6s. per share), after surrender of Coupon No. 7, either at the London Office of the Company, No. 1 London Wall Buildings, E.C., or at the Compagnie Française de Mines d'Or et de l'Afrique du Sud, 20 Rue Taibout, Paris.

Coupons belonging to holders resident in the United Kingdom will be subject to a deduction by the London Office of English Income Tax at the rate of 1s. in the £.

Coupons must be left Four clear days for examination at either of the Offices mentioned above, and may be lodged any day (Saturdays excepted) between the hours of 11 and 2.

Listing Forms may be had on application.

By order,

ANDREW MOIR, London Secretary.

London Office: No. 1 London Wall Buildings, E.C.,
19th January, 1905.

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Lacloche Frères, Limited, are issuing a Prospectus which states, inter alia, that the Lists will close on or before Saturday, January 28, 1905; the Prospectus has been duly filed with the Registrar of Joint Stock Companies.

LACLOCHE FRERES, LIMITED.

(Incorporated under the Companies Acts, 1862 to 1900.)

CAPITAL £480,000.

divided into

50,000 Seven per Cent. Cumulative Preference shares of £5 each. 230,000 Ordinary shares of £1 each.

Interest on the Preference shares will be paid quarterly.

PRESENT ISSUE:

50,000 CUMULATIVE SEVEN PER CENT. PREFERENCE SHARES, and 130,000 ORDINARY SHARES.

Of the remaining 100,000 Ordinary shares 90,000 are to be issued and credited as fully paid up, and 10,000 remain in the hands of the company for future issue as additional working capital if required.

PAYABLE:

On the Preference shares.

On application	10s.
On allotment	15s.
One month after allotment	25s.
Two months after allotment	25s.
Three months after allotment	25s.

On the Ordinary shares.

On application	2s. 6d.
On allotment	7s. 6d.
One month after allotment	5s. 0d.
Two months after allotment	5s. 0d.

Applicants for shares may, if desired by them, pay up in full on allotment. Interest on the Preference shares will be payable quarterly on October 10th, January 10th, April 10th, and July 10th each year.

The Preference shares are Preferential both as to capital and interest over the Ordinary shares.

Directors.

LEOPOLD LACLOCHE, 15 Rue de la Paix, Paris } Partners in Lacloche
JULES LACLOCHE, 15 Rue de la Paix, Paris } Frères.
FERNAND LACLOCHE, Calle de Sevilla, Madrid }
HAROLD KING (late managing Partner Earles & King, Liverpool), Gentleman,
Capenhurst, Taplow.
JOSEPH ULLMANN (S. Ullmann & Son, Diamond and Pearl Merchants),
52 Hatton Garden.

The Foreign Issue Syndicate (1904), Limited, will nominate a director after allotment.

Bankers.

PARR'S BANK, Limited, Bartholomew Lane, E.C., and Branches.

Solicitors.

DEVONSHIRE, MONKLAND, & CO., 1 Frederick's Place, Old Jewry, E.C.

Auditors.

DAVIS, ROBERTSON, & CO., St. Lawrence House, Trump Street, E.C.
PRICE, WATERHOUSE, & CO., 3 Frederick's Place, Old Jewry, E.C.

Brokers.

C. BIRCH CRISP, 11 Angel Court, E.C.
G. H. & A. M. JAY, 17 Old Broad Street, E.C.

Secretary and Registered Offices.

R. GORDON, 32 Old Jewry, E.C.

This company has been formed to take over and further develop the well-established jewellery business of Lacloche Frères, carried on by the above-named directors, Messrs. Lacloche, at 15 Rue de la Paix, Paris; Calle de Sevilla, Madrid; 13 Alameda, San Sebastian; 15 Rue Mazagan, Biarritz; 6 Avenue Masséna, Nice; together with the leaseholds and fixtures as at the first day of March, 1904, and for the purpose of acquiring the goodwill, leasehold premises, and fixtures of Streeter & Co., Limited, 18 New Bond Street, London.

Messrs. Lacloche have for many years enjoyed the highest reputation among the leading jewellery houses in France, besides—through the Madrid branch—being jewellers to the Spanish Royal Family.

The firm has also a large and influential clientèle in England, and it is intended to immediately open an establishment in London, the success of which the directors consider to be assured from the outset. It is in pursuance of this that the company will acquire the succession to the well-known and old-established business of Streeter & Co., Limited, together with the leasehold interests of that firm and of Mr. Edwin William Streeter, of 18 New Bond Street, in the premises 18 New Bond Street, and all the valuable fixtures and trade appliances. The lease has 20 years to run, at a comparatively low rental, and is a valuable asset. The fixtures, trade appliances, alterations, and renewals have cost Messrs. Streeter about £25,000.

Out of the present issue £210,000 will be set aside for working capital, after providing for the interest on the purchase money and the preliminary expenses payable by the company. Of this not to exceed £120,000 will be utilised for the purchase in cash of the stock-in-trade of Lacloche Frères at actual cost price, such price to be verified by experts to be appointed by the directors of this Company. The balance (£90,000) will be applied, as to £50,000 for the purchase of the goodwill, leasehold premises, and fixtures of Streeter & Co., Limited, and as to the remainder generally for working capital and especially for the purchase of new stock, &c., in connection with the London establishment.

The accounts of Messrs. Lacloche Frères since 31st May, 1901, have been examined by Messrs. Price, Waterhouse, & Co., and Messrs. Davis, Robertson, & Co., Chartered Accountants, who have given the following certificate:—

December 10th, 1904.

To the DIRECTORS of LACLOCHE FRERES, Limited.

Gentlemen,—We have examined the books of Messieurs Lacloche Frères, jewellers, of 15 Rue de la Paix, Paris, and of Madrid, San Sebastian, Biarritz, and Nice, for the three years ended 31st May, 1904, and certify that the profits earned by them during that period were as follows:—

	Francs.	Sterling.
For the year ended 31st May, 1902.....	806,934'57	£32,277 7 7
For the year ended 31st May, 1903.....	948,780'80	37,951 4 8
For the year ended 31st May, 1904.....	1,003,227'29	40,129 1 10

The foregoing profits are arrived at after charging all proper expenses and charges of the business, including managers' commission. No deduction has been made in respect of interest on capital or partners' remuneration.

We have not included in the foregoing profits an exceptional profit of francs 201,042'95 (£8,041 14s. 4d.) earned by the purchase of the stock of an acquired business and credited in the books of the firm during the first year.

We are, gentlemen, yours faithfully,

DAVIS, ROBERTSON, & CO.
PRICE, WATERHOUSE, & CO.

The business will be taken over by the Company as from March 1st last; the profits thereof (less a proportionate 3½ months of the time and with a corresponding reduction in the interest) will, therefore, from that date, until the date of registration, become the property of the Company. These profits, less the proportion above mentioned, are, based on the profits for last year, estimated to produce (to November 10th, the date of the registration of this Company) a sum of about £17,000. All book debts incurred since March 1st until the date of the formal transfer of the business to this Company are guaranteed by Messrs. Lacloche.

It will be seen by the following that the entire Preference share issue is covered by assets:—

Cash assets arising from this issue	£210,000
Profits earned to November 16, estimated	17,000
Leaseholds, fixtures, &c. (exclusive of London)	30,000
	£257,000

The statement of profits as given by the accountants shows that the earnings of the business are progressive, and, in the directors' opinion, the profits of the last year will be fully maintained and increased from the establishments already in operation. These profits will admit of the payment of the manager and directors fees, provide the 7 per cent. dividend on the whole issue of Preference shares, and, with the profits expected to be derived from the proposed new establishment in London, will, in the opinion of the directors, show a balance considerably in excess of the sum required to pay 10 per cent. on the Ordinary shares.

It must, moreover, be borne in mind, that in the above capital £90,000 has been provided for the purchase and stocking of the new establishment in London, and that to this amount must be added the estimated capital profits above referred to of £17,000, making a total of £107,000 new capital.

Pursuant to the articles of association the chairman of the company shall at all times be of English nationality resident in England.

The services of Messrs. Lacloche have been secured as managing directors for a period of seven years.

Copies of the prospectus and forms of application can be obtained at the offices of the company, and from the bankers, solicitors, and brokers of the company.

Application for a special settlement and quotation on the Stock Exchange will be made in due course for both the Preference and Ordinary shares.

LACLOCHE FRERES, LIMITED.

CAPITAL - - £480,000.

FORM OF APPLICATION FOR PREFERENCE SHARES.

Issue of 50,000 Preference Shares of £5 each.

To the Directors of

LACLOCHE FRERES, LIMITED.

GENTLEMEN,

Having paid to the Company's Bankers the sum of £....., being a deposit of 10s. 6d. per Share on application for Seven per Cent. Preference Shares of £5 each in the above-named Company, I request you to allot me that number of Shares upon the terms of the Company's Prospectus, and I agree to accept the same or any smaller number that may be allotted to me, and I agree to pay the amount due on allotment and the further instalments as provided by and at the dates specified in the said Prospectus, and I authorise you to register me as the holder of the said Shares.

Name (in full).....

Address (in full).....

Please
Write
Distinctly.

Description.....

Signature.....

No. 37.

Dated....., 1905.

LACLOCHE FRERES, LIMITED.

CAPITAL - - £480,000.

FORM OF APPLICATION FOR ORDINARY SHARES.

Issue of 130,000 Ordinary Shares of £1 each.

To the Directors of

LACLOCHE FRERES, LIMITED.

GENTLEMEN,

Having paid to the Company's Bankers the sum of £....., being a deposit of 10s. 6d. per Share on application for Ordinary Shares of £1 each in the above-named Company, I request you to allot me that number of Shares upon the terms of the Company's Prospectus, and I agree to accept the same or any smaller number that may be allotted to me, and I agree to pay the amount due on allotment and the further instalments as provided by and at the dates specified in the said Prospectus, and I authorise you to register me as the holder of the said Shares.

Name (in full).....

Address (in full).....

Please
Write
Distinctly.

Description.....

Signature.....

No. 37.

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